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THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

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CHAPTER V.

A GENTLEWOMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

> Hers the best fashioned and the best ordered home
> That ever eye beheld; and there, withal,
> Is fit observance by the servants shown,
> And gentle zeal in tending every guest.
> G. CHAPMAN, 1606.

Madam Auderly, the mistress of Piedmont, had been twice married, and twice widowed.

Honora Paule was the descendant of her first marriage.

The three beauties—the Misses Auderly—were the descendants of her second union.

The sole male inmate and protector of the family was Colonel Shannon, the younger brother of Madam Auderly.

For her grand-daughter, Honora, as the heiress of the family estate, she felt the utmost solicitude, never willing to trust her far or long from her sight.

And consequently, on receiving Mr. Willoughby's message that Miss Paule was detained at his house by the storm, she had summoned her coachman, and given him orders to have the carriage in readiness by sunrise the next morning, to drive over to the parsonage and bring his young mistress home.

The man had scrupulously followed her directions.

Honora had obeyed the call, and reached Piedmont in time for the family breakfast.

After kissing the fingers of the old lady, shaking hands with Colonel Shannon, embracing her cousins, and answering everybody's questions, Honora seated herself at the table, and said—

"My dear grandmother, there is the son of an old friend of yours in the neighborhood."

"Ah, Honora, who is he?"

"Mr. Godfrey Dulanie, Madam. He has come down to spend the two months of vacation at Crossland."

"Aye, my dear. Where is he staying?"

"At the tavern at Altamont."

"Indeed! I wonder at that; it is scarcely a pleasant place for a gentleman's long sojourn. Why is he not the guest of his grandfather, Mr. Hawe, or of his uncle, the doctor?"

"It would be scarcely pleasant, Madam, for a man to be indebted even for hospitality to relatives who had robbed him of his patrimony."

"Robbed him? Surely, my dear, you use strong language!" said the old lady, rebukingly.

"Truly! It was a judicial robbery—not an indictable one," said Honora, in calm scorn.

"Aye, I have heard that, morally speaking, there was not just dealing; and law and justice are not always one, my dear."

"But to return to Mr. Dulanie himself. As you observed, Madam, the inn is no pleasant abode for a gentleman——"

"Aye, I understand you, Honora, perfectly. And I think you are altogether right, my dear," replied the aged gentlewoman, who, then turning to her brother, said, with the measured formality she sometimes used even among her own near relatives—

"Colonel Shannon, you are thinking of going to Altamont to-day. Will you do me the favor to call on Mr. Dulanie, and invite him to make our house his home for the period of his sojourn in the neighborhood?"

"Certainly, my dear sister, with great pleasure," replied the colonel, looking up from his plate, and bowing his head.

"And mind, my dear brother, let your invitation be most cordial and pressing; as though his coming to us would be a great personal favor to ourselves; for these young men of good birth and ill fortune are full of fastidious scruples which do them honor, but which must not be allowed to do them injury. You see, my dears," continued the old lady, turning towards her grand-daughters, "the poor young gentleman might feel obliged to decline the first or second invitation, particularly if it were not cordially given, upon the ground of his not being able in any way to reciprocate. So you will be very pressing, Colonel Shannon."

"I will bring him to the house, Madam," replied the colonel, smiling at his sister's earnestness.

Honora gave him a grateful look. Did Honora reciprocate Godfrey Dulanie's sudden passion? We shall see.

Immediately after breakfast, Colonel Shannon, attended by a servant with a led horse, set out to ride up to Altamont.

The same forenoon, Godfrey Dulanie, in his little room at the inn of Altamont, sat studying at his reading-table. The volume open before him was "Coke upon Lyttleton." But vainly he tried to confine his attention to the subject under treatment.

Honora! Honora! She filled his heart and engaged his thoughts.

Had she been the poor maiden he had first supposed her, then all had been clear and easy enough. He would soon have put their mutual relations upon an intelligible footing, and then gone on, undistracted by sorrow, hopefully, perseveringly, plodding at his studies, until diligence should be rewarded by success, and he should be in a position to claim her hand.

HONORA PAULE WATCHING FOR THE APPEARANCE OF GODFREY DULANIE.

But, alas! she was an heiress and a minor under the charge of jealous guardians, and one to whose hand only the most distinguished men might aspire! *He* would probably never see her again, except he should go to church to seek in silent distance that painful pleasure. He should, surely, never have the opportunity of *conversing* with her again.

"Heart! *despair* of her and be at rest," said his *reason*.

But his heart could not rest and would not despair.

"Fool! have you lost all self-control and power of attention?" inquired *reason*.

"No! I can confine my thoughts," answered *will*.

And for the twentieth time he resumed his studies.

In vain! and closing the volume, he arose and walked to and fro across his narrow room.

At length there came a rap at the door, and to his "Come in" entered a servant, who said that there was a gentleman in the bar-room inquiring for Mr. Dulanie.

"Show him up," said the latter, who thought only of Mr. Willoughby or of Mr. Heine.

The servant departed, and in a few minutes returned and ushered in a tall, gray-haired, military-looking old gentleman, who entered, bowing and holding out his hand to the young student, who arose and advanced to receive him.

"Mr. Dulanie, I presume?" inquired the visitor.

"Yes, sir," replied Godfrey.

"Colonel Shannon," said the visitor, announcing himself with a graceful waive of the hand.

"I am very happy to see you, Colonel Shannon. Pray be seated," said Mr. Dulanie, handing a chair.

The old gentleman sat down.

"Hearing that you had re-visited your native neighborhood, I do myself the pleasure of making you a call."

The young man bowed as he resumed his seat, and said—

"You do *me* great honor, Colonel Shannon."

With a waive of the hand the Colonel repudiated this sentiment, and said—

"Your father and myself were once dear friends, young sir; our friendship was only interrupted by his death; but you scarcely recollect this?"

"I certainly remember seeing you at our house, sir, as well as my father's frequent visits to yours."

"Very well, then; now we shall understand each other! My niece, Miss Paule, tells me that you are down here, for a stay of two months. Now, your father's son should make no other house his home save that which shelters me. In one word, I bear the compliments of Mrs. Auderly, together with her earnest solicitations joined to my own, that you will do us the honor to take up your abode with us for the term of your stay in the neighborhood."

"Really, sir, Madam Auderly—and *yourself*—are excessively kind, and I earnestly thank you."

"You will come then?"

"Sir, permit me to express my deep sense of your goodness, even while I beg leave to decline your invitation."

"Aye, but 'leave to decline' will not be granted you, my young friend. The thing is quite impossible. My word is passed to the young ladies to bring you back with me," rejoined the colonel.

His "word passed to the *ladies*"—perhaps to *Honora*. Had *she*, indeed, aught to do with this invitation? Why not? It was *she* who had told her uncle of his intended sojourn in the neighborhood. And oh! if *Honora* willed that he should go, her will was law! In this case the very *suspicion* of her will was—*destiny!* He would conquer his repugnance to receiving hospitality from the wealthy; he would go, if only for a few days.

"Well!" he said, frankly holding out his hand to the colonel—"ladies' commands have as much authority as a bench warrant! I will give you no trouble in executing them! I am very heartily at your and the ladies' disposal. And in all candor I am compelled to say that never was a poor gentleman arrested with more pleasure."

"That is honest at all events! Well, you will find us no harsh wardens. How soon will you be ready to set out? Remember, I came on purpose to fetch you, and my servant brought a horse for your accommodation."

"I can be ready in an hour, sir," replied Mr. Dulanie, after a moment's thought, and resuming the natural gravity of his manner.

"Good! I have some business to do in town that will occupy me for about that length of time, at the end of which I will call for you!" said the colonel, rising and taking a short leave.

And in one hour more the colonel, with his invited guest, set out for Piedmont.

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE UNSPOKEN.

> They seem to those who see them meet,
> The worldly friends of every day;
> *Her* smile is still serene and sweet,
> *His* courtesy is free and gay;
> Yet—if by *one* the *other's* name
> Should in some careless hour be heard
> The heart we deem so calm and tame
> Would struggle like a captive bird.
> MILNES.

"Ruby, come hither," said Madam Auderly, addressing the matronly colored woman, whose bright, warm, dark skin had obtained for her this name, and who, within the last few years, had been her mistress's confidential agent in all domestic affairs.

Ruby left the china closet where she had been putting away the breakfast service, and came to the side of her lady, who was seated in her high-backed chair, near the door of the adjoining bed-chamber, and as usual engaged in knitting.

"Ruby, attend to me. I expect company to-day, Mr. Godfrey Dulanie, a gentleman of family, and *once* also of fortune. You will prepare the *back* room, *left* hand, *second* floor, for his accommodation. Put up the fringed white dimity curtains to the windows, and the white and scarlet-tulip quilt on the bed. Then go to the meat-house and select a second best ham and second best round of spiced beef; from the chicken coops take a pair of medium pullets; get up the home-made wine from the cellars; from the garden and orchards the second best vegetables and fruits for dinner; and when you come to lay the cloth, put on the plain gilt-edged china service. You understand?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am. I'm to 'repare for second best *company*, generally."

"Ahem-m! I did not say that, but I think you understand me, Ruby. Therefore, finish arranging that closet as quickly as you can, and go and attend to my orders," said the old lady, who, notwithstanding her "graduated scale" could not bear to be thought "partial."

Ruby finished her work and went out to obey.

But she had scarcely closed the door behind her when a violent barking of the dogs announced that a visitor or visitors had arrived.

"It is the colonel with our guest," said the old lady to herself.

But in a few moments Ruby re-entered with a face full of interest—and even of excitement.

"Well, Ruby, who is it?"

"Oh, mist'ess, a rale big bug!"

"Ruby, how many times have I ordered you not to use such terms in my presence? Pray, what do you mean by a big bug?"

"I beg your pardon, Ma'am—it is a rale 'sponsible, 'spectable, portable-looking gemman."

"Who is he then?"

"Deed 'fore de 'Vine Marster, I doesn't know, mist'ess; but he come in a carriage, with a young gentleman and a servant. Oh! here comes Scrubbable now with a card," said the woman, as the waiter Zerubbabel entered, bowed and put the pasteboard into the hands of his mistress.

The old lady arranged her spectacles and read—

"'GENERAL STERNE.' General Sterne! The Governor-elect of Virginia! Dear me! Oh, dear me! Zerubbabel!"

"Madam!"

"Where did you show the gentlemen?"

"Into the front drawing-room, Madam."

"Right; now return to them and say that your mistress will wait upon them in a few minutes. Then go and have the carriage put up and the horses fed and stabled."

"Yes, Madam," said the waiter, bowing and retiring.

"Ruby, come with me into my chamber, and help me to arrange my toilet," was the next command given, as the old lady arose with dignity and passed into her bed-chamber, which joined this, the family breakfast-room.

And while Ruby assisted her to exchange her black chintze dress for one of black silk, and her plain book muslin cap and neck handkerchief for finer ones of lace, Madam Auderly said—

"And oh, Ruby, the general will certainly stay to dinner, and remain over night. Prepare the front room, right hand, first floor, for his accommodation. Put up the best tamboured muslin curtains to the windows, the best home net toilet cover on the table, and the best knotted white counterpane on the bed; take away the delf toilet service, and replace it with stone china. And for dinner order the best—ham, chickens, vegetables and fruits. In addition to the dessert have ice-cream. Don't put a bottle of home-made wine on the table; but have a hamper of champagne brought from the cellar, and the bottles set in ice. For the dinner service, use the Sevres china. Now, do you perfectly comprehend me, so that you need not commit the barbarism of sending for me from the parlor?"

"Certainly, mist'ess; I am now to 'repare for the very *best* o' company," replied the woman, in sly glee.

"Ruby, how often have I signified to you that I am no respecter of persons?" inquired her mistress, in some displeasure.

"I never 'sumed for to say you were, mist'ess."

"No! for that would be unchristian; nevertheless, Ruby, even the Scriptures exhort us to pay 'honor to whom honor is due.'"

"Yes, ma'am."

"There! now I think I will do—stay! take this ivory snuff-box and give me my mother of pearl one; now my pearl-handled fan; that will do. Call Zerubbabel to go before me and open the doors."

But as Ruby went out to obey this order, Honora Paule entered.

Honora looked, as ever, stately, graceful and distinguished, with her dark tresses swept back in shining masses from her fair, broad brow, and her perfect form attired in a fresh white muslin dress with a close-fitting boddice, flowing sleeves and a skirt that fell in voluminous folds from her rounded waist to her feet. Not a single item of ornament drew off attention from the simple and noble whole.

"Oh Honora, my dear, I am glad you looked in. I was wishing to speak to you. Do you know who is below?"

"Yes, madam, Governor Sterne and his son, Lieutenant Frielenghuyen Sterne."

"Aye! and now I have a word to say to you, my dear! General Sterne is a gentleman of family and fortune, occupying a high social position, even independent of his present exalted official rank."

"Yes, madam."

"He is a widower, but forty-two years of age, very handsome, very accomplished, and very fascinating in his address."

"Well, my dear grandmother, what then?"

"Child, don't you take?—Why your dress is too *plain*, Honora. Go, I beg of you and exchange it for your embroidered Indian muslin and your set of pearls; for reflect, I beseech you, Honora, that there is not only the governor elect, a widower of forty-two, but his son, a young gentleman of twenty—both eligible—*most* eligible matches."

"Grandmother!" said Honora, in a tone almost of repreach.

"Will you do this, Honora?"

"Dear madam, pardon me; I can not; but my cousins are beautifully dressed; they will save the credit of the family."

"Umph! well! I am thankful at all events that the Misses Auderly understand what is fitting," said the old lady in momentary displeasure. Then quickly recovering her temper, and unwilling to offend her most esteemed granddaughter she hastened to say—

"Do not mistake me; I wish you to have every aid of dress that your ample fortune can justify; though you look very well as you are, my dear; every inch a lady, whatever you wear. Ah! here comes Zerubbabel to attend me. Well, my child! come in when you feel disposed." And so saying, the old lady smoothed the folds of her dress and crossed the hall to enter the saloon.

Honora Paule, for the present, delayed presenting herself.

But the three Misses Auderly, like three gayly plumaged humming-birds, flew down the stairs and fluttered into the saloon.

"Will he come? will he come?" mused Honora, as she passed through Mrs. Auderly's chamber into the breakfast-room and thence on into the little front sitting-room, and taking up a book placed herself at the window-seat to read and to watch the bridle-path, leading down the mountain side from Altamont.

Soon three horsemen rambled over the brow of the ridge and came into sight. She *guessed* before she *recognised* their identity, and arose to smooth her dark tresses and straighten the folds of her dress. For Honora Paule was too thoroughly a woman to be indifferent to her personal appearance. Her Spartan simplicity of dress was only a higher refinement of taste.

Meanwhile the horsemen reached the lawn.

Colonel Shannon leaped from his horse, threw his bridle to his servant and welcomed Mr. Dulanie, who had also alighted, to Piedmont. Both gentlemen then entered the house.

Zerubbabel, who was on duty as porter, bowed and informed his master that a room had been prepared for the expected visitor.

"Very well, then! show Mr. Dulanie thither, and attend his orders. Meanwhile, sir," said the colonel, turning and addressing his guest, "I will go to my room to brush up a little, and a quarter of an hour hence will await you here."

"Au revoir, then," replied Mr. Dulanie, following his attendant up the stairs and down the long passage until they reached "the back room, left hand" that had been prepared for him.

"Ah—what is your name, my boy?" inquired Mr. Dulanie, as he handed his hat and gloves to his temporary valet.

The "boy," who by the way was six feet high and stout "accordingly," twisted his organs of speech into a variety of contortions without producing a sound.

"What are you trying to get out?" inquired the visitor.

"Zebub-horrible, sir."

"What do you say?"

"Zebub-bulzebub, marster."

"*What?*"

"Syrup-bubbubble!"

"Syrup—*what?*"

"Please, marster, excuse me, sir! I nebber could denounce my own name; but de darkees do call me *Scrub-able*, as is de easiest to speak, and likewise quite rationable seeing as how I *am* able to scrub, *ef* put to it, sir. Marse Colonel Shannon allus detracts that name to 'Scrub' which is shorter, sir. So likewise do the young ladies, sir, whereas the madam allus calls me Syrup-bubble, which would better suit a cook, seeing it's a sort of preserving name, 'sides bein' very diffident to denounce, which you saw yourself, marster. I had to make two or three contempts, sir, before I could get it right. What would you have, sir? hot water?—cold?—shoe brushes?"

"No—neither. Just take this whisk and dust my coat. That will do. Thank you."

And after a few more trifling attentions to his toilet, Godfrey Dulanie announced himself ready, and went below where in the hall he found Colonel Shannon waiting him.

"I hear that we have visitors since I left this morning. General Sterne, the Governor elect of Virginia, and his son, Lieutenant Sterne of the army. Come! shall we go in?" said the colonel, as smilingly he met his guest.

Mr. Dulanie, returning the smile, nodded assent, and both passed into the drawing-room.

As Godfrey crossed the threshold, the change from the broad sunshine into the subdued light of this sumptuous saloon, showed him a number of persons present; but not their individual identities.

Colonel Shannon, after a circular bow directed to the whole company, led his guest up to the end of the room, where, in a high-backed chair, sat a tall and stately old lady in a stiff black silk dress and a high-crowned lace cap.

"Madam Auderly, permit me to present my young friend Mr. Dulanie. Mr. Dulanie, Madam Auderly," he said.

Godfrey bowed deeply.

Without rising the old lady extended her hand saying cordially—

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Dulanie! Your father and mother were dear friends of mine; and it makes me very happy to renew my acquaintance with their son."

"Madam, my parents could not have left me a richer legacy than your kind regards," replied Godfrey gallantly.

"Thank you; there, that will do, my young friend; do not stop to waste courtly speeches on an old gentlewoman. Colonel Shannon, take him to the young ladies."

"You made a hit with that last fine speech of yours, my fine fellow," thought the colonel, as he conducted the visitor to a side sofa, where "the Three Graces," as the Misses Auderly were called, reclined.

Pausing before the first "Grace"—a wax doll, dressed in pink gauze—he said—

"Miss Auderly, I take pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Dulanie. Mr. Godfrey Dulanie, Miss Rose Auderly."

A gracious smile and bend of the head from the lady—a profound bow from the gentleman; and the colonel passed on to the next "Grace"—a second wax doll in blue—whom he introduced as Miss Lily Auderly; and finally to the last "Grace"—a third wax doll in pale lilac—whom he named as Miss Jessamine Auderly.

And then this master-of-ceremonies presented his guest to General Sterne, whom he found to be a well-preserved, handsome and dignified man of forty-five; and lastly to his son Lieutenant Sterne, a military elegante of the first water.

These formal introductions over, the colonel conducted Mr. Dulanie to a seat on the sofa beside Miss Jessamine, who though excessively like the other two dolls had a little more life and vanity in her manners.

Jessamine was called either Jessie or Minnie as the taste or caprice of her friends dictated—even as Honora Paule was sometimes called Honor, and other times Nora.

But, where then was Honora?

It was with a feeling of the deepest disappointment and misgiving that Godfrey Dulanie looked around and missed her.

Happily, he had scarcely time to speculate upon the cause of her absence, when the door opened softly and Honora entered. She advanced with graceful dignity—her head gently thrown back, her eyelids cast down, her dark hair swept off in shining waves from her fair wide forehead, and her snow-white dress falling in classic folds around her perfect form. She greeted the visitors with stately grace.

Godfrey's heart bounded to meet her. He could not help it—it was magnetism—he sprang to meet her, led her to a seat and took his place beside her. The very openness of this act blinded suspicion to the deep love that was consuming his heart.

But the company was too small to permit any two to indulge in a tete-a-tete. The conversation per force became general—with one transient exception—Madam Auderly catching her brother's eye, signed for him to approach her; and when the colonel found himself by his sister's side, she said—

"I wish to send and invite a few friends here this evening to see General Sterne. Now is there anything so serious between our guest Mr. Dulanie and his relatives, the Hawes, as to make it improper for me to invite them during his stay?"

"By no means! for though he does not choose to take up his residence among them, yet, by what I understand from himself, they are on polite, if not affectionate terms."

"Very good! I will slip out and write my notes, as there is no time to be lost," said Madam Auderly, as she quietly withdrew from the room.

Among the company left behind, arose the vexed question of social philosophy, especially that portion of the subject which related to the prevention and cure of evil.

The burthen of the argument rested upon General Sterne, Colonel Shannon, and Mr. Dulanie—each of the three beauties and the young lieutenant occasionally flashing into the conversation with witticisms apropos to nothing.

General Sterne and Colonel Shannon took the conservative side of the question; Mr. Dulanie singlehanded sustained the liberal. The two elder polemics supported scaffolds, prisons, pillories, scourges, etc., as reformatory agents. The younger one favored moral suasion.

Honora said little, but her fine eyes were often turned to Godfrey in eager expectation, earnest sympathy, or eloquent approval. And he imbibed deep drafts of inspiration from her presence.

The argument was interrupted by the reappearance of Madam Auderly; and soon after was entirely ended by the announcement of dinner.

It fell to Godfrey's lot to lead Honora to the table; or rather he assumed that privilege which he would not forego.

After dinner the company wandered out to find cool seats in the arbors or under the great trees that shaded the lawn.

Godfrey found himself tete-a-tete with Honora under the shadow of a mighty elm.

"You are a student of law, Mr. Dulanie. That study has frequently been pronounced dry. But I will venture to say that *you* do not find it so," said Miss Paule.

"I certainly do not—" replied Godfrey, with a look that seemed to ask "But how did *you* discover that?"

She answered his look.

"I consider the law as the science of human justice, one of the most interesting subjects of study in the world. Had I been a man, I should, as you have done, adopted that profession."

"That is to say, if you had been, as I am, without fortune and under the necessity of adopting *some* profession?"

"No! I should in *any* case. Mr. Dulanie, I do not think that any amount of wealth enfranchises a human being from the duty of laboring in *some* department of human industry."

"You are right, Miss Paule! perfectly right."

"I often wish," said Honora, "that there was some harder work for me than playing at domestic economy; not that I fail to appreciate that good old-fashioned science; much comfort and happiness depend upon its being well understood and faithfully practiced. But an energetic woman in my circumstances might do all that and have ample time to crave with a mighty hunger, some more engrossing occupation. A fortune is positively a *mis*fortune to some women."

"*You* say that, Miss Paule?"

"I should have made such a good working farmer's or mechanic's daughter! I must continue to play at house-keeping—when Madam Auderly will permit me—for I find it as hard to get even *that* to do, as if had to earn my living by it. But, doubtless, future years will bring their work; for *aspirations are prophecies.*"

"This girl is the woman I dreamed of, long years before I ever saw her face, or heard her voice. Oh surely fate does not mean to mock me, in bringing me to her side," thought Godfrey, as he listened to the *words* so in harmony with his *thoughts*.

And soon without egotism on his side, or intrusion on hers, they slid into conversing confidentially upon the subject of his history and prospects. And as he talked with her, somehow, the loss of his patrimony seemed to dwindle into a matter of the least possible significance, while his profession and future career arose into a consideration of the utmost importance. So they lingered under the shadow of the elm tree, conversing until the sun sank down behind the horizon and the harvest moon arose over the mountain tops in glory.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SYBIL'S CIRCLE.

> I do refer me to the oracle—
> Break up the seals and read.
> SHAKSPEARE.

"Will the ladies and gentlemen please to walk in to tea," was the welcome summons, spoken by the mouth of Zerubbabel, as he appeared bowing in the midst of the company upon the lawn, and waiting to attend them to the dining-room.

Honora, who saw the moving little crowd, arose, and invited Godfrey to follow.

The tea-table, draped from top to floor with snow-white damask, adorned with the Pekin tea-service, and covered with all the delicacies of the season and good housewifery, stood glittering under the light of a hanging chandelier.

Madam Auderly, very stately in her stiff, black satin dress, and high-crowned gauze cap, stood at the head. On her right hand side was Governor Sterne.

Colonel Shannon stood at the foot. Ladies and gentlemen, arranged alternately, occupied the sides, with the exception of the first and second places on the left hand of the hostess, which were left for Honora and Godfrey. As soon as these latter took their seats, the company, who had been waiting for them, sat down.

Each guest was promptly served, and conversation became general and animated.

When tea was over, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where, soon after, the guests invited for the evening joined them.

First came Father O'Louherty, the parish priest of St. Andrew's Church at Crossland—for such was the beautiful Christian liberality of Madam Auderly, that the Catholic priest found as frequent and as warm a welcome at her hospitable mansion as did her own especial minister of the Protestant Episcopal faith, and upon such festive occasions as the present, never failed of being invited. And where, indeed, was *not* the great priest of St. Andrew's—"great" certainly in one sense—welcome? Father O'Louherty, in his own person, united the somewhat incompatible elements of Falstaffian proportions, with quite a kingly bearing and countenance; and in his mind and conversation he harmonized the equally inconsistent characteristics of the most genial bonhommie with the most noble dignity. Though now fulfilling the obscure duties of a village pastor, he had once occupied a lofty station as president of a renowned Catholic college, and he was still at seventy years of age in the full possession of a very superior and highly cultivated intellect. He was a great favorite with old and young of both sexes, and all sects. And therefore it is not surprising that every one should have been pleased when the door was thrown open by Zerubbabel, who, ushering in the priest, announced, in a voice of importance—"'De Reveren' Father O'Lordy!"

The next arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, and Mr. Heine.

Immediately after them came Dr. and Mrs. Henry Hawe—the doctor a man of great fashion and elegance, the lady a delicate, pensive woman, with a sort of sad, moonlight face, beaming softly out between her fleecy locks of jet.

And, last of all, to the astonishment of everybody, came old Hugh Hawe, who had been invited as a matter of courtesy, and was not in the least degree expected to make his appearance. The old gentleman was of medium hight, and spare habit, slightly bent, yet not without some remaining elegance of form. He had high, thin, aquiline features, and a bald, receding forehead, fringed around the temples and the back of the head with venerable silver locks. He was dressed with scrupulous care in a suit of summer black, relieved by delicate shirt frills, and adorned by a richly wrought chain. In a word, there was no external sign of the genus *miser* about the man.

He came not alone. On his arm he brought a young girl, uninvited, but whom, with grave courtesy, he presented to his hostess as Agnes Darke, the daughter of a deceased friend, and now his ward, who had arrived only that morning, and whom, presuming on Madam Auderly's well-known kindness, he had ventured to present to her.

Enough! Thus commended to her consideration, the old gentlewoman received the young maiden, bidding her warmly welcome to Peidmont.

The appearance of the young stranger arrested every eye. Not only that such an arrival in a quiet country circle always attracts attention, but also that, in this instance, the object was highly likely to excite a sensation.

Agnes was eminently beautiful—not certainly with the noble order of Honora Paule, nor yet with the waxen style of the Misses Auderly—but with the glowing, oriental beauty of the Asiatic girl. Her figure was petite, but exquisitely proportioned, and gracefully rounded. Her features were regular and softly molded; her complexion was of the clearest olive, deepening in the cheeks and lips into the most glowing bloom; her eyes were of the darkest hazel, long-lashed, languid, and full of suppressed fire; a wealth of sun-bright chestnut curls clustered around her beautiful face. Her dress of deep mourning could not disguise—perhaps it even enhanced her voluptuous style of beauty. In a word, she was a girl to inspire at first sight the most ardent passion, if not the most lasting attachment. But she also possessed a latent charm more powerful even than her luscious beauty—it was the undeniable air of goodness and truth that only appeared to those who intimately conversed with her.

Madam Auderly, a reader of faces, was certainly attracted towards her; and, after a little talk, that confirmed her first favorable impressions, she took the hand of the orphan girl, and conducted her to the group formed by the Misses Auderly, Mr. Sterne, Mr. Heine, Mr. Dulanie, and Honora Paule.

Modest, yet genial, the young stranger glided gracefully into the spirit of the youthful circle to which she was thus introduced.

Under the auspices of Miss Rose Auderly, they were just about to form what she called a Sybil's Circle, for which purpose Messrs. Heine and Sterne were dispatched to bring forward a round table. Miss Rose went to a cabinet to seek the "Sybil's leaves," which she presently produced. All the youthful party then seated themselves around the table—that is all except Honora, who held back, and Godfrey, who seemed to await her decision.

"Come, Miss Paule, we await you," spoke Mr. Sterne.

"Come, Honora, come!" exclaimed Rose, the destined "Sybil" of the evening.

"I dare not! Even in sport I dare not tempt the revelation of the future," said Honora in a hoarse whisper to her companion.

Startled at seeing again this one weakness of her otherwise perfect character, Mr. Dulanie smiled. Ah! what power his smile or frown already possessed for her.

"I will go," she said, suddenly; and, turning a shade paler, she took her seat at the mystic table. Mr. Dulanie placed himself beside her.

A dead silence reigned. Rose shuffled the cards, turned them with their faces down, and then, addressing her right-hand neighbor, Mr. Sterne, in a low voice, she demanded—

"What would you with the Sybil?"

"I would know the future partner of my life," was the formal answer.

"Draw!"

The young man hesitated for a while, smiled, and, rejecting all those cards that were nearest himself, put his hand under the pack, and withdrew the lowest one.

"Read!" he said, extending the card to the Sybil.

"Hear!" she exclaimed:

> "'A widow, beautiful as light,
> 'Twill be your lot to wed—
> With a rich jointure, which shall pour
> Its blessings on your head.'"

There was a general clapping of hands, and shouts of laughter, amid exclamations of—

"A widow!"

"Oh, Mr. Sterne, who would have thought it!"

"And where will he pick up such a paragon of a wealthy widow?"

"I'll tell you! Dr. Hawe will take one of his own prescriptions by mistake some of these days, and then——"

"Oh, yes! I've noticed how Mr. Sterne seems to admire the destined widow——"

"Surely, ladies, there is no harm in respectful admiration!" suggested the young man.

"Oh, certainly not! Certainly not! Especially of possible young widows!"

"I *hate* young widows!" broke forth the youth.

General and ringing laughter followed this promulgation of sentiment.

The hilarity attracted the attention of the elder members of the party, who, growing tired of politics and theology, drew near the group around the table.

"What are you about, young people?" questioned the governor, who took his stand behind the Sybil's chair.

"Telling fortunes 'an' it please your lordship," answered Miss Jessie. "Stand by and you will see some fun."

"You are to be father-in-law to a widow!" said Miss Lily.

"Won't you try your own fortune, sir?" asked Miss Rose.

"With great pleasure," returned the governor.

"What would you with the Sybil?"

"I would know the future partner of my life."

"Draw!"

His excellency, laughingly, drew a card, and handed it up to be read.

"Hear!" exclaimed the Sybil, reading—

> ——"'A miss in her teens.'"

The laughter arose more wildly than before.

"Oh, dear! A miss in her teens for his wife, and a widow for his daughter-in-law!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices simultaneously; and under cover of the renewed laughter the governor subsided into privacy.

It was now Miss Jessie's turn to test her fate. Being a young lady, she would not put the question in the usual form, but merely inquired what should be her future fate. The answer drawn was—

> "To dandle fools and chronicle small beer,"

a reply that nearly extinguished Miss Jessie for the evening.

"I declare, if here is not Mr. Hugh Hawe!" exclaimed the lively Jessie, as the old miser sauntered deliberately to the table, and stood looking with indolent curiosity upon the game of the young people. "Come, Mr. Hawe! I declare, you shall have your fortune told!"

"The fortune of four-score years is well nigh told, young lady."

"Nay—no one's fate is complete while he lives. Draw!"

"Well, well—the commands of ladies are not to be disobeyed," replied the old man, gallantly, as he extended his hand and drew a card, which he passed to the Sybil.

Amid a profound silence, and in a solemn voice, she read—

> "'Thy fate looms full of horror! From false friends,
> Near at hand, perdition threatens thee!—
> A fearful sign stands in thy house of life!—
> An enemy—a fiend lurks close behind
> The radiance of thy planet.—Oh, be warned!'"

"Pshaw! what serious mockery!" exclaimed the old man scornfully, as he turned away, and gave place to his nephew, who had all the while been posted behind him, peeping over his shoulder.

"Will you permit me to test my fortune?" inquired the "fascinating" Dr. Hawe.

"And what would *you* with the Sybil?" was the response.

"I would know the future."

"Draw!" said the Sybil, in a tone of assumed sternness.

Smiling his graceful but most sinister smile, the doctor drew a card, and passed it to the reader.

"Hear!" said the latter, lifting the tablet of fate, and reading—

> "'*I know thee!*—thou fearest the solemn night!
> With her piercing stars, and her deep winds' might!—
> There's a tone in her voice thou fain wouldst shun,
> For it asks what the secret soul hath done!
> And thou!—there's a weight on thine!—away!—
> Back to thy home and pray!'"

"Look! I declare how pale the doctor has grown!" exclaimed the flippant Jessie. "One would really think, to look at him, that 'a deep remorse for some unacted crime' preyed on him."

"Nonsense! Jugglery!" said the latter, turning away to conceal his agitation.

The eyes of Honora Paule followed him with the deepest interest—there was that upon his brow that she had never seen before.

The next in turn was Agnes. Turning to her, Rose said:

"What seek you in the magic circle, lady?"

"My destiny," answered the luscious tones.

"Invoke the knowledge!"

"Agnes drew a tablet, and passed it, as usual, to the Sybil, who read—

> "'Oh, ask me not to speak thy fate!
> Oh, tempt me not to tell!
> The doom shall make thee desolate,
> The wrong thou mayst not quell!
> *Away! Away!—for death would be
> Even as a mercy unto thee!*'"

Agnes shuddered, and covered her face with her hands.

"Put up the tablets! They are growing fatal!" said Rose.

"No! no, indeed, I thank you! It is not fair! There's Honora, and Mr. Heine, and Mr. Dulanie, whose fortune has not been tried yet!" said Lily and Jessie.

"Some one else must officiate, then, for I cannot," said Rose, rising in great disturbance.

"No! no! The Sybil of the beginning must be the Sybil of the end. Besides—now that she is shaken as by a storm—now that the power of the god is upon her, she becomes truly inspired and prophetic—her words are destinies!" exclaimed Mr. Heine.

"Assuredly," assented the others. And Rose was forced to resume her seat.

"Your turn is next. Draw, sir!" she said, pushing the tablets towards the last named gentleman.

Mr. Heine drew a leaf, and passed it to the Sybil, who read—

> "'I see the cloud and the tempest near,
> The voice of the troubled tide I hear—
> Thy bosom's bark on the surge I see,
> And, wanderer, thy loved one is there with thee!'"

"Dark, indeed! as the sayings of the Sybil usually are," said Mr. Heine, smiling ruefully.

"Foreboding, still foreboding! Oh, let me resign this office!" prayed Rose.

"Not for the world!—now that each word is fate! There is a couple yet to be disposed of! Miss Paule, draw near!" said Mr. Heine.

The cheek of Honora Paule changed; yet striving with a feeling that she felt to be unworthy, she smiled, reached forth her hand, drew a tablet, and passed it to the Sybil, who, in an effective voice, read—

> "'But how is this? A dream is on my soul!
> I see a bride—all crowned with flowers, and smiling,
> As in delighted visions, on the brink
> Of a dread chasm—and thou art she!'"

Honora heard in silence, remembering the strange correspondence of these lines with the prediction of the astrologer, made long ago, endeavoring to convince herself that it was mere coincidence, and vainly trying to subdue the foreboding of her heart.

"Mr. Dulanie!" said Rose, shuffling the tablets, and passing them to him.

He drew a card, and returned it to be perused.

The Sybil took it, and a thrill of superstitious terror shook her frame as she read—

> ——"'*Disgrace and ill,
> And shameful death are near!*'"

An irrepressible low cry broke from the pallid lips of Honora. "Throw up the cards!" she said: "It is wicked this tampering with the mysteries of the future!"

Rose gladly swept them from the table, and the circle broke up in a strange dismay.

"She has *one* weakness," said Godfrey, reflecting upon this peculiar idiosyncrasy of Honora Paule: "She has one weakness! I am glad of it! It makes her more human—draws her still nearer to me! for but for that one weakness she would be perfect!"

Refreshments, now brought in and served around, created some diversion among the young people, and gave some agreeable occupation to the old. But Honora Paule did not, during the remainder of the evening, recover her serenity.

The company soon afterwards broke up. The guests that had been invited for the evening took leave, and departed to ride home by the pleasant moonlight.

In bidding his grandson good night, old Hugh Hawe had said—

"I shall expect to see you at the Hole before your departure for the city, Godfrey."

"I thank you, sir, returned the latter, with a grave bow; for he understood this surly invitation only as a matter of form, and did not dream of an acceptance.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

COLD.

BY GEORGIANA HERBERT.

> "It is well to give thanks and be prayerful,
> And good to remember the poor."

How suddenly has the grip of winter closed upon us. How we shiver, and shake, and heap the fire, and crowd about it. How good our hot, hearty meals taste; how delightful feel feathers, blankets and comforters, now. We make sudden additions to our garments. The clothes that a short time ago started the perspiration if we did but look at them, we now eagerly wrap about us, and are no more burdened by them than if they were so much muslin. But *how if we had no fire?* no house, no warm bed, no food, no extra clothing? On every hand are wandering, pinched and hungry, those as good by nature as we, who are in that sorry case. Shall we not remember, and try to aid and comfort such? We do not need to buy those new, expensive articles we have been meditating getting. We can be very comfortable without them; let us save the money, and feed and warm the poor. Not, perhaps, the bold beggar that besets our door, or blocks our way in the street; but we all know, or we all *may* know, some who sorely need all that we are able to do for them, and who *deserve* help in their extremity.

* * *

EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The scaffold was erected in the lower hall of Fotheringay. It was two feet and a half high, and twelve feet square in extent; it was covered with black English frieze, as was also the chair on which Mary was to sit, the cushion on which she was to kneel, and the block on which she was to receive the fatal stroke. She seated herself on the dismal chair without changing color, and without losing any of her accustomed grace and majesty. On her right hand were seated the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent; on her left stood the sheriff; in front were the two executioners, dressed in black velvet; at a little distance, ranged along the wall, stood her servants; and in the remainder of the hall, behind a barrier which Paulet guarded with his soldiers, were about two hundred gentlemen and inhabitants of the neighborhood, who had been admitted into the castle, the gates of which were closed. Robert Beale then read the sentence, to which Mary listened with silence, and with such complete abstraction, that she appeared not to be cognisant of what was passing. When Beale had finished reading, she made the sign of the cross, and said with a firm voice, "My lords, I am a queen born—a sovereign princess, not subject to the laws—a near relation of the Queen of England, and her lawful heiress. After having been long and unjustly detained prisoner in this country, where I have endured much pain and evil, though nobody had any right over me, being now, through the strength and under the power of men, ready to forfeit my life. I thank God for permitting me to die for my religion, and in presence of a company who will bear witness, that just before my death I protested, as I have always done both in private and in public, that I never contrived any means of putting the queen to death, nor consented to anything against her person." She then proceeded to deny that she had ever borne towards her any feelings of hatred, and called to mind that she had offered, as the price of her liberty, such conditions as were best calculated to give confidence and to prevent disorders in England.

After pronouncing these words in self-justification, she commenced praying. Upon this, Dr. Fletcher, Protestant Dean of Peterborough, whom the two earls had brought with them, approached her, wishing to exhort her to prepare for death. "Madam," said he, "the queen, my excellent sovereign, has sent me to you——" Mary, interrupting him, replied; "Mr. Dean, I am firm to the ancient Roman Catholic Religion, and I intend to shed my blood for it." As the dean insisted, with indiscreet fanaticism, urging her to renounce her faith, to repent, to place her confidence in Jesus Christ alone, for he alone was able to save her, she repelled him with a resolute tone of voice, declared that she would not hear him, and ordered him to be silent. The Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent then said: "We desire to pray for your grace, that God may enlighten your heart at your last hour, and that thus you may die in the true knowledge of God." "My lords," returned Mary, "if you wish to pray for me, I thank you for it; but I cannot join in your prayers, because we are not of the same religion." The struggle between the two faiths—which had continued through her life—was prolonged even to the scaffold.

Dr. Fletcher then commenced reading the prayers suited to the occasion, according to the Anglican ritual, while Mary recited in Latin the psalms of penitence and mercy, and fervently kissed her crucifix. "Madam," rudely said the Earl of Kent to her, "it is of little use for you to have the image of Christ in your hand, if you have not got him engraved in your heart." "It is difficult," she answered, "to hold it in the hand without the heart being touched by it; and nothing suits the dying Christain better than the image of the Saviour."

When she had finished, on her knees, the three psalms, "Miserere mei Deus," &c.; "In Te, Domine, speravi," &c.; "Qui habitat in adjutorio," she addressed herself to God in English, beseeching him to grant peace to the world, the true religion to England, constancy to all suffering persecution, and to impart to herself the help of His grace and the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit at this her last hour. She prayed for the Pope, for the church, the Catholic kings and princes, for the king her son, for the Queen of England, and for her enemies; and, recommending herself to the Saviour of the world, she concluded with these words: "Like as thy arms, Lord Jesus Christ, were stretched out upon the cross, even so receive me with the stretched-out arms of thy mercy." So fervid was her piety, so touching her effusion of feeling, so admirable her courage, that she drew tears from almost all those who were present.

Her prayer ended, she arose. The terrible moment had arrived, and the executioner approached to assist her in removing a portion of her dress: but she motioned him away, saying, with a smile, that she had never had such *valets de chambre*. She then called Jean Kennedy and Elizabeth Curll, who had remained all the time upon their knees at the foot of the scaffold, and she began to undress herself with their assistance, remarking that she was not accustomed to do so before so many people. The afflicted girls performed this last sad office in tears. To prevent the utterance of their grief, she placed her fingers on their lips, and reminded them that she had promised in their name that they would show more firmness. "Instead of weeping, rejoice," said she; "I am very happy to leave this world, and in so good a cause." She then laid down her cloak and took off her vail, retaining only a petticoat of red taffety flowered with velvet; then seating herself on the chair, she gave her blessing to her weeping servants. The executioner having asked her pardon on his knees, she told him that she pardoned everybody. She embraced Elizabeth Curll and Jean Kennedy, and gave them her blessing, making the sign of the cross over them; and after Jean Kennedy had bandaged her eyes, she desired them to withdraw, which they did, weeping.

At the same time she knelt down with great courage, and, still holding the crucifix in her hands, stretched out her neck to the executioner. She then said aloud, and with the most ardent feeling of confidence: "My God, I have hoped in you; I commit myself to your hands!" She imagined that she would have been struck in the mode usual in France—in an upright posture and with the sword. The two masters of the work, perceiving her mistake, informed her of it, and assisted her to lay her head on the block; which she did, without ceasing to pray. There was a universal feeling of compassion at the sight of this lamentable misfortune, this heroic courage, and this admirable sweetness. The executioner himself was moved, and aimed with an unsteady hand. The axe, instead of falling on the neck, struck the back of the head, and wounded her; yet she made no movement nor uttered a complaint; it was only on repeating the blow that the executioner struck off her head; which he held up, saying, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" "Thus," added Dr. Fletcher, "may all her enemies perish!" A solitary voice was heard after this, saying, "Amen:" it was that of the gloomy Earl of Kent.

A black cloth was thrown over her remains. The two earls did not leave to the executioner, according to custom, the golden cross around her neck, the chaplets suspended to her girdle, nor the clothes she wore at her death, lest these dear and venerated spoils should be redeemed by her servants and transformed into relics. They therefore burned them. They also took great pains to prevent anything being kept that had been stained with her blood, all traces of which they caused to be removed. Just as they were lifting the body to remove it into the state-room of the castle, in order to embalm it, they perceived Mary's little favorite dog, which had slipped in beneath her cloak, between the head and the neck, of his dead mistress. He would not quit the bloody spot, and they were forced to remove him.

* * *

TEMPER.—Of all qualities, a sweet temper is perhaps the one least cultivated in the lower ranks of life. The peculiar disposition is not watched; care is not taken to distinguish between the passionate child, the sulky, the obstinate, and the timid. The children of the poor are allowed a latitude of speech unknown among the higher orders; and they are free from the salutary restraint imposed by what is termed "company." When in the enjoyment of full health and strength, the ungoverned temper of the poor is one of their most striking faults; while their resignation under affliction, whether mental or bodily, is the point, of all others, in which the rich might with advantage study to imitate them.

* * *

HABITS.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed: no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

* * *

METHOD OF SPEAKING.—There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last to speak of entertainments before the indigent, of sound limbs and health before the infirm, of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling: in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable. This conversation is cruel, and the comparison which naturally rises in them betwixt their condition and yours is excruciating.

TO THE WORLD!

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Sing for the blessed and tender declaring
  That shines in the beauty of innocent eyes;
Sing for the glory of winning and wearing
  Fate in its loftiest and lowliest guise!

Sing when the daybreaks of bliss over-sky thee;
  Sing when their sunsets of splendor depart!
Sing when the angel of death, passing by thee,
  Knocks at the door of some cherished one's heart!

Sing for the strength that hath crowned thee victorious
  O'er the wild armies of sorrow and pain;
Sing for the woes that have made thy life glorious—
  Sing! for none sorrow and suffer in vain!

Sing! when the heart bleeds thy song shall be sweetest,
  Mournfulest music is born in the night!
Sing through the storm of each battle thou meetest—
  Sing for the beautiful promise of light!

Sing when the sands of the grave overblow thee;
  Sing when earth's shadow lies furthest and dim!
Sing when the rivers of death overflow thee—
  Noblest of all is the victor's last hymn!

THE REFUGEE IN PARIS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The following striking incident, furnished us by an American gentleman, long a resident in the various capitals of Europe, illustrates a dark page in the history of one well known to fame, whose career began in brightness, ascended in glory, and ended in gloom.

It was, if I remember rightly, (said the narrator,) in the summer of 1811, that, late one afternoon, I chanced to pass through the Rue de ——, one among the many miserable streets of Paris. I had some business matters upon my mind, which so engrossed my attention that I gave little heed to any thing around me; and with my eyes upon the ground I was hurrying through the dark and narrow street, when I suddenly became aware that some one, standing still before me, obstructed my progress. Turning aside to pursue my way, I looked up, as it were, mechanically, and encountered a pair of the most remarkable eyes I ever beheld—black, keen, piercing, and full of that peculiar, indescribable power, which has not inaptly been termed magnetic fascination.

The possessor of these remarkable eyes was a middle-aged man, of small stature, but of courtly air, neatly dressed in black, with fine, regular, somewhat Grecian features—the whole countenance being peculiarly classical in form, and intellectual in expression.

"Pardon me, sir!" he said, in a bland, insinuating tone, politely lifting his hat, and speaking in my native tongue; "if I am not mistaken you are a fellow-countryman—an American?"

"I am certainly an American," I replied, returning his salutation.

"Doubtless you think this interruption somewhat singular," he pursued; "but the fact is, I am in trouble here; and if it would not be intruding too much upon your time and patience, I would ask as a favor that you would step to my humble lodgings close by, and hear something of my story."

"I am certainly in haste," I replied, "for I have business on hand which will admit of little delay."

"But I will detain you only for a few minutes," he rejoined, "and deeply regret that a force of circumstances compels me to trouble you at all."

There was something in the air, voice, and manner of the speaker, which was irresistible; and reluctantly, but politely, I yielded to his request.

"Have the kindness to follow me," he said; and crossing the street, we entered a sort of court, and stopped before a large, high building, which I knew, from its appearance and locality, was devoted to lodgings of the poorer and humbler classes. Here he turned to me, and blandly added:

"I regret to be obliged to trouble you for a high ascension—but poverty in Paris has no choice."

"Is it possible that a gentleman of your appearance resides here?" I observed, somewhat hesitatingly.

"It is one of those possibilities which misfortune has fixed upon me at present," he answered. And seeing me still hesitate, he quietly added: "Have no fear, sir! I trust you will find me too much of a gentleman to do you any harm."

"For that matter, sir," I replied, "I have no fear. Pray lead the way—I will follow you."

We accordingly ascended one pair of stairs after another, till, panting from fatigue, we reached the seventh story; when, producing a key and unlocking a door, he ushered me into a small apartment, containing a bed, a table, a couple of chairs, and a few other indispensable articles, the appearance of the whole betokening the extreme of poverty.

"Be seated, sir," he said. "You see I do not present you to anything very magnificent—though I have myself sat an honored guest in the *salon* of the proudest and the noblest, and my own mansion was once but little inferior to any. But times are changed, sir, with me—wofully changed, alas! Yet do not consider me reduced to this in fact," he went on; "what you now witness is simply the result of a series of untoward events, affecting me only in France. An affair of honor, to which, as you are aware, all gentlemen are subjected—caused me to leave my native land hastily; and I came hither with limited means, expecting to be reimbursed as soon as I could advise my friends of my locality; but this French and English quarrel—united with the Rambouillet Decree of Napoleon, prohibiting all American vessels from entering French ports, under penalty of seizure—has effectually put a stop to all intercommunication between the two countries; and so, for a long time, I have been in the receipt of no remittances from home. To make matters still worse, sir, a few influential enemies have so abused me to the Emperor, and so worked upon his jealous fears, that he has refused me a *passe* to go, or a *permis de sejour* to remain—by which you perceive, sir, I have neither liberty to go nor to stay—and can neither get funds from abroad, nor enter into arrangements for my subsistence here."

He said all this in a clear, calm, even tone of voice, keeping his dark, lustrous orbs fixed steadily upon my face, as if to read every passing thought of my inmost soul.

"Pray, sir," said I, scarcely knowing what to think or reply, "will you oblige me with your name?"

"My own, perhaps," he returned, "may be unknown to you—but it is not improbable that the fame of some of my connections may have reached your ear. My surname is Edwards, and I am a grandson of Jonathan Edwards, who is not undistinguished either in America or Europe."

"Ah, indeed!" I replied. "You are right—the name of the distinguished Jonathan Edwards is not unknown to me. And so you are his grandson! Then you are a relative of Aaron Burr?"

"Unfortunately, he is my cousin," he replied, still looking me steadily in the eye.

"Unfortunately," I rejoined, "he has proved himself an unworthy man, though possessing talents of the highest order."

"Let him pass," he said, quietly; "I seldom recall his name with pleasure."

"But he had a worthy father," I pursued, "and a sister who became the wife of the honorable Judge Reeve, with whose family my own have some slight acquaintance."

"Will you also oblige me with your name?" said my new acquaintance.

I informed him that my name was Fairbanks, and that I was a native of New London, Connecticut; and then, looking at my watch, I added:

"Since I know who you are, and as my time is limited, pray speak freely, and say in what manner I can serve you."

"I am almost ashamed to confess," he rejoined, "that, in the first instance, *money* is my greatest want; and in the second, some means of leaving this inhospitable country. A loan, sir, of any amount would be thankfully received; and I pledge you my honor, it shall eventually be repaid with usurious interest."

"Nay," returned I, laughing, "I am not an extortioner, to take advantage of a fellow-countryman in distress; and for the little which my present means will enable me to do for you, I shall at any time be satisfied with the principal."

With this I took from my pocket a not overly-filled purse, and counted him down the sum of a hundred francs.

"May God bless you, sir!" he exclaimed, for the first time betraying any emotion, as his small, slender fingers closed nervously upon the coin. "I feel that a brighter day is dawning—I feel that I shall no longer *starve*. Let me tell you, sir, how reduced I am," he hurriedly pursued. "This money you have been so kind as to loan me, is now all I possess in the world—I mean the world of France—which, as it appears, is my utmost limit at present. Let me tell you, sir, that this day—this very day, which is marked as the blackest in my calendar—as I was about to quit this humble abode, I was arrested by a creditor, who demanded payment in full of all I owed him. And what, Mr. Fairbanks, do you suppose was the amount?"

"I cannot guess," I returned.

"What!" he rejoined, with a smile—"you a Yankee in France, and cannot guess for what amount I was arrested? I will tell you—*seventeen sous!* I went back, overhauled my purse, and found it contained—what? Why, just seventeen sous—neither a fraction more nor less; so I paid the debt, sir; and with the feelings which then actuated me, I was very nearly paying the debt of nature also, and thus cancelling all obligations to all men, for all time."

"Is it possible?" said I, in a tone of surprise.

"Both possible and true," he returned. "But finally, changing my bad thoughts for better, I repaired to the Academy of Arts, which, being free to all strangers, I knew I might enter, and where I was in hopes of meeting with some kind-hearted American like yourself; but I was sadly disappointed; and on my return, in attempting to cross the Seine, by the Pont des Arts, I was forcibly reminded that I was indeed not a free citizen of this metropolis, by the requirement of *one sou* for toll, which sou it was not in my power to give. There being nothing better for me, I retraced my steps, and went round by the Pont Royal, intending to return hither and take my last sleep. Providentially, however, I met you, and am saved."

We conversed a few minutes longer, and I bade him be of good cheer, and not give way to despair; and then, being pressed by business, I took my leave, promising to see him again at my earliest opportunity.

For several days, however, I saw nothing more of my strange acquaintance, being too busy to call upon him. During this time I reflected much upon his peculiar case, and begun at last to fancy there was something wrong—that his statement was not a consistent one. For why, I argued, should the Emperor have a jealous enmity toward a private American citizen, of whom, if his own story was true, he had never heard previous to his arrival in France? He was either not the man he purported to be, or else he must have done something which he had concealed from me. That Napoleon was suspicious and jealous of any and every one in the remotest degree connected with affairs of State, I knew; that he had not the best feelings toward the American Government, whose prohibition of French vessels entering our ports, had caused him to issue his retaliatory Rambouillet Decree, I also knew; but that he should in any manner trouble himself about a mere private citizen, was something I could not exactly comprehend; and I determined, on my next visit to Mr. Edwards, to request such an explanation as would render the matter clear to my perception.

Accordingly, one evening I sallied forth, and picked my way through the dark and narrow streets to the lodging of my mysterious acquaintance. I found him in a gloomy, misanthropical state of mind, looking pale, care-worn, and disheartened. He received me courteously, however; and as he politely handed me a seat, said, with a faint smile:

"You see I am still here, sir; and here I am likely to remain till death summons me to another world, or some minion of the Emperor conducts me to the Conciergerie. I had begun to think, Mr. Fairbanks, that you, like all the rest of my friends, had deserted and forgotten me, but I am happy to find myself mistaken."

"So far from forgetting you," I replied, "you have scarcely been absent from my thoughts since we met, though a press of business has prevented my making an earlier call. To be frank with you, Mr. Edwards," I hastily pursued, "I have not been a little puzzled with your statement, which, on mature reflection, has seemed to me somewhat inconsistent."

"In what respect, sir?" he blandly inquired, again fixing his black eyes keenly and searchingly upon mine, and seeming, as I fancied, slightly ill at ease.

"Pray, sir," said I, "how happens it that the Emperor is suspicious of one who is merely a private American citizen? In other words, why should he be more suspicious of you than of me, who have never been refused the usual courtesies of his government? You stated, at our first interview, that he would not give you permission to go or to remain; and certainly no American citizen should be denied such rights, while our Government has a diplomatic embassy here. So far as I myself am concerned, I have always found our minister, Mr. Russell, a kind-hearted, affable gentleman; and our consul, Mr. M'Rae, likewise; and either of these gentlemen, certainly, has the right, and the power, and should have the will, to give our countrymen passports from France, or protection while here."

He lowered his eyes as I ceased speaking; and after a few moments of what seemed hesitation, rather than reflection, he replied:

"That I have concealed something from you, Mr. Fairbanks, I will admit; and as you have proved yourself a friend to me in the hour of need, I feel that an explanation is due to you. For years I had cherished the grand scheme of South American emancipation from the Spanish and Portuguese dominion; and casually meeting with Prince Jerome, the brother of Napoleon, in America, I broached the subject to him, and fancied it met with some congeniality of view—though, being a cautious man, he in no manner committed himself. Meeting him here, and thinking that through him I could favorably reach the ear of the Emperor, I made such a proposition to him—but found him cold and distant, a mere automaton of State, afraid to think, speak, or act for himself. I next applied to Talleyrand, and met with a sharp rebuff. I then approached the Duc de Cadore, and found him of a piece with the rest. At last I determined to act without either of them, and memorialize the Emperor myself. I did so, and the result is what you see. As to our officials here—begging your pardon for a difference of opinion—I can consider neither Russell nor M'Rae gentlemen; but, on the contrary, mere government tools, as fearful of offending the Emperor as if they were creatures of his creation, instead of the dignified representatives of an independent foreign government. But one man, among all I have met here, has had the courage and the manliness to speak and act as if he had a mind of his own—and that man is the Duc de Bassano—who, unfortunately for me, has it not in his power to set me free."

"I think," said I, "I can help you. I have some slight acquaintance with Mr. Russell; and if this matter was fairly stated to him by a third party, I think he would take means to get you out of the country at least. In fact, if this is your only offence, neither he nor Napoleon has a right to restrain you of your liberty."

For the first time in my life, I was fairly made aware of the terrible concentration of fierce, malignant hate which the human countenance may be made to express. A change had come over Edwards in an instant; and it was a change from the placidity of a gentleman, to the fury of a demon; and those eyes, those dark, brilliant, indescribable eyes, seemed fairly to flash and burn with a kind of supernatural fire.

"No!" he cried, starting from his seat, and beginning to pace rapidly to and fro: "No, sir! not a word to him on your life! I would sooner die here of starvation—sooner rot in the dungeons of the Conciergerie—than owe my deliverance to him."

He stopped suddenly, as if aware he had gone too far, and instantly resuming his natural tone and manner, politely craved my pardon for having spoken aught to wound my feelings. He said my offer had been made in kindness, and should have been so received by him; but that the name of one by whom he had been bitterly wronged in various ways, had excited him to a kind of temporary madness, which he now wished me to overlook.

"I would readily owe anything to you, sir," he went on, "for you are a gentleman; and whatever assistance you may be able to render me, I trust will some day be repaid, with the interest of gratitude added."

We spent a great portion of the evening together, in talking over his own affairs and various other matters; and I found him a man of remarkable parts—learned, talented, and possessing a wonderful knowledge of mankind, morally, socially and politically.

At last, as the hour grew late, we parted on the most friendly terms, I promising to see him again in a day or two, and endeavor to do what I could for him meantime among my American friends. On reaching my hotel, however, I found a letter awaiting me, requiring my immediate presence at Nantes; and before daybreak I was on my way thither, expecting to return in less than a week; but it was fully three months before I again saw Paris; and on seeking the quarters of Mr. Edwards, I found a new lodger in his place, who could give me no information concerning him. I pushed my inquiries further, and learned from an old woman, who lodged in an adjoining apartment, that subsequent to my departure, my strange friend had become very much reduced; and on one occasion, noticing that his door had not been closed for some twenty-four hours, she had ventured into his room, and found him stretched upon his pallet, literally dying of starvation. She said she had nursed and given him food, and that he had subsequently repaid her handsomely; and then, disappearing suddenly, had gone she knew not whither.

The whole affair gave rise to some rather curious reflections in my mind at the time, and I then intended making some further inquiry of our Embassy; but a press of business drove the matter from my thoughts; and the incident, like many another of my life, gradually took its place among the things forgotten.

* * * * * * * * *

Years rolled on, and the course of events once more placed me in the American metropolis, the city of New York. It was just at the time when the city was agitated by one of those great land trials, which by a mere turn of the card, reduced many an opulent family to poverty, and made many, who were before rich, gigantic in wealth and power.

On a certain day, near the close of one of these great trials, I elbowed my way into the City Hall, to listen to the forensic eloquence of one whose fame had been familiar to me from boyhood, but, judge my surprise, when, having obtained an enviable position near the bar, I beheld my mysterious Parisian friend rise in place of the man I expected! I need not repeat what he said, I need not describe his courtly air—his clear unimpassioned voice—his dignified and graceful manner. Suffice it to say, that in sound logic, forcible argument, and acute analysis, it was one of the finest speeches I ever listened to; and it was received, by bench, bar, and spectators, with a most profound and breathless attention. He spoke for nearly three hours, without apparent fatigue or emotion, and every sentence seemed to tell with an almost thrilling effect. When he had finally concluded, amid a deep and intense silence, if I may be permitted the phrase, a spontaneous murmur of applause followed, to which even the grave decorum of the court seemed to yield.

I was in among several who impulsively pressed forward to congratulate the speaker; and at length, obtaining possession of his hand, and addressing him as Mr. Edwards, I made some very flattering comments upon his late masterly effort. For a moment or two he seemed not to recognize me; and then said, with a winning smile—

"Mr. Fairbanks—my friend in need, my friend indeed—I am most happy to meet you under far better auspices than when I saw you last. As it is now in my power to cancel the debt of money, if not of kindness, permit me to attend to pecuniary matters first;" and without waiting for a reply, he turned quietly to the table beside him, and hastily drew me a check on a well-known banking house, for double the amount which I had loaned him when in Paris.

"Sir! how is this?" said I, in suspicion, looking at the signature; "this is signed 'AARON BURR!'"

"It is my name," he replied, with a quaint smile.

"*You!*" exclaimed I, in astonishment; "you, AARON BURR!"

"Unfortunately, my good friend, I am," he smiled. "I deceived you in Paris—for there, and elsewhere, Aaron Burr had no friends—and I feared you too might leave me, if you knew me as the bitterest foe of Jefferson, Madison, and their parasites. You did leave me—but, it was not your fault, and it was not to shun me. Sir, I will not tell you what I suffered after your departure. Enough that I am here now, and owe my life to you and the noble Duc de Bassano."

And as it was, the man I had befriended in Paris, under the assumed name of Edwards, was no other than the world-renowned Aaron Burr—renowned alike for good and for evil; and many an hour since have I pondered upon the strange career of that wonderful man, who rose like a meteor of light, to fall in darkness and gloom. What must have been the feelings of that man—starving—alone—unfriended—in the most brilliant capital of Europe—where he, but for his own misdeeds, might have shone as a glorious star? He who had been the friend of Montgomery, the aid-de-camp of Washington, the rival of Jefferson, the Vice-President of the United States, to have so fallen from his high estate, that there were "none so poor to do him homage!" Ah! what indeed must have been the workings of that dark and powerful mind, in its darkest hour of misery and gloom! Who shall say?

FINDING A CRIMINAL.

FROM THE NOTES OF AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

I was aroused one morning from a sound sleep by a quick, loud rap upon my door. I had been on duty late into the morning, and hence kept my bed longer than usual. By the time my wife had reached my room, I was up and half dressed. She told me that Inspector Starling, one of my brother detectives, wished to see me. I hurried down, and found him pacing to and fro across the room in a state of considerable excitement.

"Ah, Goff, we've got some work on our hands," he cried, the moment he saw me. "There's been a murder—a strange one—by Newgate Market. But come along, and I'll tell you as I go."

As soon as we gained the street, Starling resumed—

"Last evening one of the butchers packed a box of meat to go off to-day, but this morning he changed his mind, and concluded to unpack it, as there was some doubt about the stuff's keeping. When he removed the cover, he found the body of a man cut up, and stowed snugly away in place of his meat, and this latter article was afterwards found in a neighboring cellar."

I asked if the butcher was not suspected.

"No," replied my companion. "We know it could not have been he, for his time is all accounted for; and beside, his character is above suspicion. No—some one who knew that the box was packed to go off this morning, must have taken advantage of the circumstance, and thus hoped to gain time for escape, or, perhaps, to have thrown the blame upon another. It was an old man who was murdered, and it was evidently done for revenge."

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"Because fragments of the clothing were upon the limbs, and a watch and some money were found in the pockets. Strange, isn't it?"

I acknowledged that it was.

We overtook a party of men at this juncture, and ere we had opportunity to converse much more we had reached Newgate. The box was in a small office, and a commissioner had already arrived. The parts of the body had been taken out and placed together, thus forming a whole frame with the exception of the head, this latter part being absent. The victim had been not far from three-score; a tall, well-formed man, and as far as we could judge from the fragments of clothing and the appearance of the hands, a member of the better class of society.

Our first object was to find if the remains could be identified, but in this we failed entirely. Two days passed without the least new light upon the subject, but on the evening of the second day, we received notice that a human head had been found in a small pond, or pool, in Epping, and was in the possession of the officers of that place.

Here might be a clue, and I was finally set upon the track. I chose to go alone, for on such an errand too many cooks most emphatically spoil the broth. I felt sure that if I could once get my eye upon the murderer, I should know him. There is something in the very look and bearing of a man who has done a murder, as palpable to me as the color of the Ethiop. I can see it written on his face, though how I cannot tell. It may be an intuitive perception, or it may be from long habit in hunting rogues.

It was late in the evening when I started, taking the saddle for my seat, and reached Epping at midnight. I found the coroner, and with him I found the human head. It was the very one. I knew it by the gray hair, and by the manner in which it had been cut off, the neck having been divided close by the shoulders. I requested my host to keep my visit a secret, as it might be necessary that my coming should not be known. He assured me that no one save himself and messenger knew that word had been sent to London of the finding of the head.

In the morning we went out to the place where the terrible proof of crime had been found, and I examined the sandy shore of the pond thoroughly. There were too many tracks, however, for me to make anything of them. Of one thing I was sure: that the head had been thrown in at night, for it had rested in shoal water, with two bricks tied to it, whereas, had it been thrown in by daylight, the villain would have selected a deeper spot. The coroner suggested that the murderer had kept on by the great stage-road through Essex, but I felt differently. I believed he had struck across towards Waltham Abbey, and upon this supposition I determined to act.

My first movement after this was to obtain a suit of laboring-men's clothes, which my host procured of a fellow who was at work in a drain in his garden. They were well worn, and when I got them on I looked as rough as I could wish. I then made a snug bundle of my own garments, which I tied up in an old cotton handkerchief, and having swung it upon a stout oaken staff, I placed it over my shoulders, and started off upon the Waltham Abbey road.

If the murderer had done his horrible work in the metropolis by dark, and then come around by the way of Epping, he could not have reached the next town before daylight. I made some guarded inquiries at the houses I passed, but I gained no information till I reached Waltham Abbey; and even here I could only learn that a man had passed through there on foot, just before daylight, two days perviously. Only one person—the hostler of an inn—had seen him, and he could give me not the slightest description, not even the traveler's hight.

The road by which I had come led no further, ending here in the great northern and eastern mail road to Scotland; and as I did not think the murderer would take such a route, I pushed on by a narrow path, through fields and woods, a distance of eight miles, to Hatfield. It lacked half-an-hour of noon, so I thought I would stop here and get dinner. I felt certain that I was on the track of the man I sought. To be sure, I had gained no reliable information from others, but I felt a peculiar confidence in my own conceptions, and hence I called for my dinner at the inn, with the firm belief that I should be able to gain some intelligence of my man ere I left.

My meal would be ready in twenty minutes, so I sat down by the window and gazed out. It was a side window and looked out into a square court, upon the opposite side of which a new brick dwelling was in process of erection. The walls had been raised above the second-story windows, and half a dozen men were engaged in carrying up bricks and mortar for the masons. I took an interest in seeing these fellows at their work—they were so orderly and regular in their movements. It was up and down the long ladder, in true time, like the drill of a corporal's guard—then up and down again.

But finally I noticed one man who often got in the way of others, and whose movements were strange and erratic. No one else might have seen this as I did, but he arrested my attention in a moment. Said I,—

"*There is my man!*"

A summary method of detecting a murderer, you will say, but it was all plain to me. He was a middle-sized man, of middle age, and dressed in the common garb of such laborers; but his clothes did not fit him. The trowsers were turned up at the bottom, and were slouchy about the waist; the frock was too full, and the cap too small. When he set his hod down to have it filled, he did it with a nervous jerk; and when he started off with the load upon his shoulder he not only moved away too quickly, but he ascended the ladder with a speed entirely unsuited to the work. No hod-carrier ever moved so before. They are not proverbial for hurrying. And then there was no earthly need for this man's moving so, since his very haste often impeded his companions. I simply saw that he was not at home, either in his work or his garb; and, furthermore, that his mind was far from being at ease.

I had only one thing more to notice ere I took a step nearer to him, and I was not long in doing that. Soon a carriage stopped at the inn, and as the sound fell upon his ears he became so excited that he could hardly hold up his hod, which was at that time being filled. And so it was whenever any one passed the square,—at every unusual sound he betrayed an uneasiness which was as apparent to me as though I could have seen his very thoughts.

I waited to see no more, but having thrown my bundle over my shoulder, and seen that the dirt had not been rubbed from my hands, I started out. I chose not to speak with "my man" first, but asked one of the others if I could find work on the building.

"What can ye do?" he asked me.

"Carry a hod, or use the spade," said I.

He looked at me a moment, and then said he'd go and find the "capt'n." While he was gone "my man" came down the ladder. He was a very respectable-looking fellow, though there was a wildness in his eye which somewhat detracted from his appearance.

"Do you find the work hard here?" I asked him.

He started as though I had struck him.

"What do you want to know for?" he returned.

"Because I have just sent to see if I can obtain work here. A man has just gone to see the employer."

"O, well—the work isn't very hard," he said, considerably relieved. "But where are you from?"

"From Epping," I told him.

He turned pale, and his hand quivered upon his hod.

"And, by the way," I added, carelessly, "I saw a horrible sight there."

I waited for him to ask some question, but he only gazed into my face with a fixed stare, while his whole frame trembled, and his palor increased.

"It was in a pond," said I, at length. "As I was passing I saw a human head in the water. It was cut off. My soul, how terrible it was!"

The man started back, and his face assumed a deathly look, while his hod dropped from his hand.

"You look at me as though I did it," he gasped.

"Pooh, pooh," said I, with a smile; and then with a stern look, I added, "I might as well suppose you knew something of the chopped-up man in the box at Newgate Market!"

The fellow continued to gaze into my face a moment, and then, with a staggering, leaping step, he turned to flee; but I had watched for this, and my right hand was upon his collar in an instant, and with the left I held a pistol to his head. At that moment my messenger returned, and with him came the foreman.

"I have done my work," said I.

Of course many questions were asked, which I answered as I thought proper. The man at first begged of me to shoot him, and then he began to declare his innocence in the most frantic terms. But I could not believe him then. I took him to London, and we soon had full proof of his guilt. The murdered man had been his father-in-law, and had cut him off from the possession of property. At the last moment the villain confessed his guilt. He said he had killed the old man close by the market with a club, and had then dragged the body into an old cellar, and there cut it up. He left the pieces there while he went to see if he could get into the market. This being accomplished he struck a light, and the first thing he saw was the box, directed to Staines. He lifted it, and finding it full—he knew it must be meat—he conceived the idea of removing some of the contents and packing the body in its place. He did this, reserving only the head which he carried with him in a bundle over his shoulder. He had intended to flee to the North, but fearing pursuit and thinking that no one would detect him in a rough garb, and at such rough work, and so near the metropolis, he had changed his mind as we have seen.

One of the last acknowledgments he made was, that "the London detectives were a strange set of men." And I told him he was not the only criminal who thought so.

COURTSHIP.—A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The young lady should pull him on with the utmost tenderness at first, only making the smallest advance at a time, till she gradually gains upon him, and twists him ultimately round her little finger; whereas the young lady who is hasty, and in too great a hurry, will never get a lover to take her hand, but be left with nothing but her finger ends.

ERRORS.—A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong; which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1858.

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GOVERNMENT.

> "For forms of government let fools contest,
> That which is best administered is best."

Such was the opinion of a great poet; and it was Jefferson who said "that people are best governed who are governed least." So, too, is it our opinion that all the hue and cry about the intricacies and mysteries of government and diplomacy, are a Machiavellian sham, concocted and kept up to secure the posts, honors, and profits of government and diplomacy to a stereotyped, red-tape class. This is a character which has been given to government by the lawyers and politicians, who have heretofore shaped and directed it. Honest government, in truth, is, according to Republican or Democratic principles, a very simple affair. It is but justly considering the wants and interests, internal and external, of a people, in so far as government should be concerned, and then making and administering laws, in the simplest manner possible, to answer those wants and interests. As to diplomacy, that which goes beyond good common sense, ought to be kicked out of a republican system. The statesman who counsels and secures the greatest good of the greatest number, is the best statesman, though he never saw a university or law-office.

While Justinian was pompously issuing his *pandects*, and playing the pedant law-maker, the humbly-born Belisarius—the noblest specimen of a warrior, negotiator, and governor, that we remember in all history—and the so-considered degraded eunuch Narses, recovered or gave to Byzantium the Roman Empire; conquered from Goth and Vandal, and far more than conquered by arms, in the wise re-construction of its government—a re-construction of which the Imperial law-giver could not practically conceive, though his unpretending lieutenants could conceive and execute it. And so it has been that empires have been saved, recovered and founded, not by theoretical warriors or statesmen, nor by routinists, but by *men*, developed by emergency—men of humble origin, so-called, chiefly; the Cromwells, Napoleons, Tells, Hofers, Bolivars, and even Washington, for he had no leather patent of nobility, no diplomas from universities or governmental bureaus.

But the consummate folly of the doctrine that only a specially educated, lawyer class, can do the ruling and diplomacy, is most palpable in our country, where many of our best educated men, and most shining lights, have been self-taught—where all the people read and think, and have opinions—and where, standing outside of the mal-administering circle of governors, men of practical sense and information soonest see what is defective in our government, and would, if so entrusted, best correct the defects. It is a broad libel on the American people, whose Franklins and Shermans spring unaided from the ranks, to suppose all their administrative talents bound up in so many lawyers' and politicians' skins. We repel the idea as opposed to the history, institutions, and genius of our country.

God forbid that we should ever imbibe the doctrine that the Talleyrands, Metternichs, Woolseys, and Richelieus—though sagacious and accomplished—are better fitted to rule us and preserve our government in its simplicity, than humbler men of honest natures, practical good sense, and patriotic impulses. A man *may* be specially educated into a good statesman, but no nation ever yet existed that did not run down under a system of universal routine in office. To finally establish such a system in our country, it is only necessary to keep up this deference to politicians—this impression that lawyers are the best and only safe makers and executors of law. Certain it is that they have, as law-makers, statesmen, or diplomatists, kept the world in a state of armed war or civil litigation. They thrive most when men and nations wrangle most, and it is but natural that they should struggle to keep up the order of things under which they have managed to rule and plunder mankind.

* * *

RELY UPON YOURSELF.

Never ask a favor. It is better to suffer than to supplicate, and asking a favor even from your dearest friend, or your nearest relative, is only a mild form of supplication. Get what you want by your own unaided exertions, or go without it. There is more dignity in penury, no matter how abject, coupled with independence, than in indolent comfort gained through the grant of a favor. Don't ask or receive a favor. Rather cling to your poverty.

* * *

AN intimate friend of ours says that when Shakspeare wrote—

> "Oh! WHAT A FALL was there, my countrymen!"

he had a prophetic eye to the fall of 1857. Who knows?

* * *

TRY IT.—The more a man works, the less time he will have to grumble about *hard times*.

SEQUEL OF A BLOODY TRAGEDY.

In the LEDGER for December 26th we published a sketch entitled "A Western Duel," giving an account of a horrible fight, some twenty odd years ago, in a darkened room, between a notorious bully and a gentleman whom he had grossly insulted, in which the bully was slain and his antagonist terribly mangled. We supposed that the sketch was a piece of high-wrought fancy work, but, to our great surprise and pleasure, the survivor (Capt. J. D. W., a most gentlemanly man) of this duel in the dark, called upon us a few days since, and after satisfying us that the story as told was substantially true, gave us some additional and interesting particulars of the affray.

The duel took place in the year 1834, Capt. W. being then the commander of a steamboat on the Mississippi river. At that time every boat on the Western and Southern waters was infested by gangs of gamblers of the most deperate character, who not only often ruined but also murdered their victims. The vice of gaming had reached a point but little, if any, short of insanity, and fortunes were often lost and won in a night on the Mississippi steamers. The gamblers invariably won by fair play or foul, and if their victims murmured they would attack and slay them, or else force them into duels from which a decent man seldom came out alive.

A short time previous to the horrible event now particularly under consideration, an estimable gentleman of New Orleans, who was the Cashier of one of the leading banks of that city, had fallen into the hands of the gamblers, been plundered of a vast sum of money belonging to the bank, and in despair had blown out his brains. This event shocked the whole south-western country. A great clamor was raised against the gamesters, and Captain W., who was then a young but spirited and brave man, determined that they should be driven from his boat, and that there should be no more gaming in his cabins, a determination which he at once set about carrying out.

Great was the wrath of the gamesters at this course on the part of Captain W., and they swore they would have his heart's blood. An opportunity soon occurred for them to insult him with a view to his murder in an unfair fight. Hence the horrid duel above referred to, and which is described in the LEDGER of December 26th. The "bully gamester," a notorious and blood-thirsty ruffian named Campbell, threw a glass of wine in the face of a friend of Captain W., and this at once led to the pitting of the captain and Campbell against each other in mortal combat. The gamester being an expert duelist and a much larger and stronger man than the captain, it was arranged by the latter's friends, in order to equalize the combat, that it should take place in a darkened room. This was not only agreed to, but the combattants *were stripped naked and then greased from head to foot*, so there could be no unfair clinching.

Thus prepared, and armed with pistols and Bowie knives, they entered the pitch-dark room from which both, and perhaps neither, would ever come out alive. The fight was conducted in the manner previously described. After the combatants had become terribly cut up, the bully succeeded in clinching with Capt. W., and hurled him to the floor; but the captain, who never for a moment lost his presence of mind, held his knife point upward as they went down, and the gamester falling square upon it, was killed by the stroke.

Capt. W. was himself nearly "cut into mince-meat," but he recovered completely; though how he ever did so, we cannot imagine, after having seen the frightful scars which cover his body, and which he will carry with him to his grave.

* * *

A TIMELY THOUGHT.

Winter is beautiful to him who is mailed in garments that defy its stings. Beautiful to the rich, to the proud and gay, and to all who can boast the shelter of hospitable roofs, full larders, and glowing fires. Who can wrap hands and feet in ermine, and laugh at the frost, dancing like crystalized star-beams wide as our zone extends. The lounger on rich ottomans, listening to the music of rare instruments and joyous laughter, who has never felt or cared for want, who has softest robes to enwrap him, and breathes of air tempered by subtle art to convenience his slightest whim—such an one (and there are thousands of them) little thinks that this winter, which glows so brightly in its unclouded day-skies, and the more brilliantly starred heaven by night, is a terrible thing to thousands in our midst. Thousands in cellars and garrets, or wandering, perhaps roofless, and wresting from suspicious charity, by most pitiful prayers and devices, pittance of food and raiment. Surely it is timely to think of these, and not only to think of, but to act for, them—and we need not make apology for frequent recurrence to a topic like this.

* * *

SIR WALTER SCOTT ON THE SABBATH.

Surely, no one will ascribe bigotry to the great novelist. But, man of the world as he was, he was not unfamiliar with the principles of the Bible, for the reading of which he called in his dying hours—pronouncing it "the only book;" and his views on the sabbath may have weight with the many admirers of his genius.

"If we believe," says Sir Walter, "in the divine origin of the commandment, the Sabbath is instituted for the express purposes of religion. The time set apart is the 'Sabbath of the Lord;' a day in which we are not to work our own works, or think our own thoughts. The benefit is positive and the purpose clear. For our eternal benefit a certain space of every week is appointed, which, sacred from all other avocations, save those imposed by necessity and mercy, is to be employed in religious duties."

We want no better indication of a young man's character than that he respects and observes the Sabbath. You can trust such a youth anywhere.

* * *

MEAN MEN.

> "The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

How true this is, even in all the relations of life. The liberal man never loses anything by his generosity. On the contrary, he gains by it, for "he shall be watered himself" in return; and yet, strange as it may seem, the world is half full of penny-wise, niggardly, mean men who are almost afraid to wash their face and hands on account of the expense of the soap. When will these men have their eyes opened? When will they divorce themselves from their littleness? How long will they cling to meanness? No wonder that they have smallness depicted in their countenance, in colors so plain and unmistakable that you can point them out in the street.

* * *

"PIKE," WHOSE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE has caused much uneasiness to his numerous friends, is earnestly requested to return at once. All his faults and peccadilloes are forgiven, and he will be received with open arms, by ——

If "Pike" can resist that appeal there is no heart beating in his bosom.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

What shall we give? is the point to those who have the wherewithal to warrant the consideration of the question always so troublesome to answer. There are plenty of things for ladies, as everybody knows, but oh, the torment of finding a suitable *male* present. There are cigar cases, to be sure, in every form of elaboration and adornment—if one liked to encourage the anti-kissable habit of smoking; and there are purses, too; but unfortunately they are too suggestive, just now, of melancholy reflections; and there is the unfailing resource of a pair of slippers, or a guard-chain, or a dressing-gown, considered safe and proper even by the most virulent old maid (who, after all, only needs a coat-sleeve around her neck a few thawing moments to make her human); and having enumerated all these, I will leave it to anybody who has ever benefited her shoemaker hunting for male presents, if I have not exhausted the list. Of course we all know that the men—*spiritual* creatures—would prefer to anything else a basket of champagne, or a dozen or two of ale, or a keg of pickled oysters, for all of which we indignantly refer them to the nearest restaurant; but still the great question remains unanswered, What present can we give a gentleman?

Mittens they don't seem to fancy, and gloves and neck-ties need measuring and fitting, which of course makes us faint to think of; night-caps, they all look like frights in—what's to be done? unless the recipient is a minister, in which case there are any quantity of sacerdotal souvenirs, which his parish-ridden wife hasn't blood enough to object to.

There are books, to be sure; but if the male recipient be a bachelor, who migrates from one lodging-house to another every time his coffee is weak, or the beef over or under-done, he will be apt to consider their freight an unmitigated nuisance, in which case the final destination of your book will be the street-stall of an itinerant book-vender, or the paper trunk of Sally the chambermaid, to whose owner he has given it, in economical recognition of little services not put down in the bill. Or he may keep the guard-chain (which possibly you may prefer to give him) until after he is married. Some day his wife, rummaging among his old traps, will hold it up between her thumb and finger with, "What's this thing, Tom?" Tom will reply, as he stops sharpening his razor—"That—ha, ha, by Jove—it's a chain a woman gave me who was once desperately in love with me; give it to Bobby to play horse with;" whereupon Tom and his wife laugh heartily, winding up with an appetizing kiss.

But the little children—Santa Claus forever bless 'em—you can't make a mistake there. All is fish that comes to their all-embracing net. Dolls, rocking-horses, marbles, balls, tops, kites, arks; it is a lovely way of finding out how brightly black, blue and hazel eyes can shine. No questioning your motive, or the probable cost of your gift; no invidious comparisons with your possible presents in other quarters; they are satisfied and ecstatically happy for the time; that your gift goes to everlasting smash before next day is the inevitable result of pinafores, and none of your adult business.

Lastly. Neglect whom else you may, but don't forget your servants. With a child's longing, they who are, many of them, far from childhood's home, long to be thought of, at a time when love is lavish of its outward tokens. It may be little you can give, but *give something*—the humblest heart craves remembrance—notice—independent of the value of your gift to those who have (the majority of them) slender enough means, even with few or no artificial wants.

And as to your wife—"Lives there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said," I wish there was anything half pretty enough, or good enough for my faithful, true wife? If there is such a wretch, may he always arrive at the ferry just as the boat is out of jumping distance; may every omnibus he hails be full; may his umbrella turn inside out when he tries to hold it right side up; may bank hours be over when he wants a check cashed; may some lady acquaintance insist upon stopping to talk with him, every time he lights his cigar in the street; may his baby cry persistently and uproariously all Sunday forenoon, while he is at home trying to post his books, and his wife gone to meeting; may he lose his pocket-handkerchief, or leave it at home, some cold January day, when he has "water on the nose" (that witticism is my daughter's, not mine); may he always have girl-babies when he wants boys, and may they all be twins, and arrive punctually once a year.

FANNY FERN.

* * *

HOME MISSIONS.

Christianity and Philanthropy, were they to look out from their comfortable dwellings and gorgeous temples, in this outwardly splendid city, might see a work for their hands as well deserving their attention as the salvation of the distant heathen. They might find in almost every block of this great mart, some fearful want and misery, rendered tenfold intense by the bitter breath of Winter. They might see, almost within the shadow of their own homes, fireless hearths, foodless tables, and anon, women and children in rags, shivering as if in the jaws of death. In the lanes and alleys, in comely looking dwellings even, what a vast and horrible destitution surrounds the poor—not destitution wrought by vice or crime, but by misfortune, sickness, and the complication of causes which eternally overwhelm a portion of mankind.

We love the souls of pagans, we trust, well enough to wish them well, but humanity teaches that the first duty of us all, is to alleviate the sufferings and sorrows of our fellows nearest our own doors. A thousand times better would God be served by a gift of a load of wood, or a garment, or a pittance of food, to the neighbour in sore want, than by a thousand ducats rolled into the missionary-box for the conversion of Hindoos and Hottentots, or the flannel-shirting of South-Sea cannibals. We do not expect by preaching, however, to incite Christians to their duty—if their humanity impels them not, an appeal to their religion will be of little avail. There are those who will heed these things,—let such be home missionaries to the poor.

* * *

GAMMONING THE FLATS.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO PICKED UP A ROLL OF bank notes at —— ——, between 1 and 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, 5th inst., is kindly requested to return the same within three days, or suffer exposure; he is known.

We don't think that will do. It is an old dodge with those who lose money carelessly to pretend that they know those who found it. How does the person who lost the "roll of bank notes" above referred to, account for knowing the party who picked it up and not stopping him when he took it? As we say in the modern classics—"there's a screw loose somewhere."

THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The New Year's morn, serenely fair,
A frost-work garland in its hair,
Comes, marking on its scroll the date
Of *eighteen hundred fifty-eight.*
And yet, though ruddy is its cheek,
Its features seem to wear
A gathering tinge of anxious thought,
Or trace like wrinkled care,
While listening with an ear profound,
To one reverberated sound:
"*Hard times! Hard times!*"—a dismal wail
From town and tower, from cliff and dale;
"*Hard times!*" the shrieking steampipe cries;
"*Hard times!*" the darkened mill replies,
And far the winged gales prolong
The key-tone of that mournful song.

Hark! from those lips what accents flow
Responsive to the notes of woe;
"Ah! not too much at loss repine,
Nor waste the strength that might repair it,
Ill fortune may o'ertake the wise,
But they should have the power to bear it.
The spider-teacher of the brave—
(In Bruce's history you'll find it)
Fell six times with his broken thread,
But at the seventh, sprang up and joined it;
And not too proud of him to learn,
Was the great chief of Bannock-burn

And while we walk as friends together,
These twelve months on, through wind and weatner,
Suppose my counsel you should try—
(Though simple, there's no need to flout it),
Pay at the time for what you buy,
Or if you cannot, do without it.
Let those who have a surplus, spare
In idle luxury to spend it;
But with free hand, and feeling heart,
Seek to divide, disperse and lend it;
Give work to Labor's willing son,
And wages when that work is done·
A kindly word to cheer the sad,
A loaf to make the children glad;
Let woman in her sphere maintain
Of just economy the rein,
And bid a happy hand repay
Man's vexing troubles through the day
As sunbeams smile the cloud away;
So from these hard times, fruits shall grow
That selfish ease can never know.

Thanks, good New Year! we'll strive to be
The better for thy words and thee.
Let's look across old Ocean's face,
And see what changes there take place,
Though, sooth to say, it was our mind
Ere this, a cunning way to find
Whereby to tell and hear the news,
'Neath his wet blanket when we choose,
And gossip through the submarine
Though waves like mountains roll'd between.
Now discord hoarse, and battle-bray
Come surging o'er the watery way,
Where Asia 'mid her sultry sands
Springs tiger-like on Europe's bands,—
For Christian Britain, long renown'd
For mission zeal on heathen ground,
Hath taught to India's vanquish'd plain
Few lessons save the greed of gain,
Nor spared with venal hand to shred
The jewel'd turban from her head.
Hence fierce Revenge, and Moslem scorn,
With Superstition leagued and sworn,
Have wrought such deeds of wrath and shame,
As shuddering Language fails to name.

But thou, my Realm, from warfare free,
Peace sheds her benison on thee,
And plenteous Earth doth tenfold pour
Her harvest gold from shore to shore,—
Her sheaves of corn, her bearded wheat,
Her bread for distant climes to eat,—
While Commerce spreads her countless sails,
And thronging o'er the verdant vales,
All homeless exiles find in thee
Safe shelter and paternity

Then when the vernal sun shall sweep
Away these wintry shadows deep,
Let waking Agriculture rise
With quicken'd heart and brightening eyes,
For in his hard and earnest hand
Are the true riches of the land.
His are the specie-paying Banks
That know no defalcation,
The Railroad Bonds that never cheat
And paralyze the nation.
Hail, Farmers! Princes of the soil,
Teach your own sons to love their toil,
With vigorous hand and honest pride
Count rural labor dignified,
Nor cast them out, beyond your aid,
Upon the troubled sea of trade,
To be by storms and breakers tost,
Perchance on Folly's quicksands lost.

Be full of hope, my Native Land,
And lift to God the prayerful hand,
That all thy sons from east to west,
In His protection richly blest,
May as a band of brothers rest,—
And thus New Year's departing day
Fresh incense on His altar lay.

* * *

A NEGLECTED NEED.

It is about a dozen years since the press and public began to look earnestly toward the construction of a railroad and telegraph across the continent, thus uniting the Atlantic and Pacific in iron bonds, and bringing all the sections of our vast territory into closer and more compact, and thereby more fraternal, union. Yet, practical and imperatively demanded as this enterprise is, not only as placingus (when completed) in advance of all other nations, through our then superior commercial relation with all parts of the trading world, but also as an almost instant developer of immense regions and resources which must remain comparatively worthless until such a road is built, nothing beyond some undecisive surveys—mostly by feeble, speculative corporations—has been done toward inaugurating the greatest work, whether as a monument of national enterprise or a source of national wealth and power, suggested by the genius of modern times.

Rome, in her palmy days, conquering surrounding nations and spreading her empire over the globe, regarded it as a strengthening and enriching policy, to connect by great highways—many of which partially survive after the lapse of twenty centuries—all the parts of her empire with its heart. Thus she not only established quick and easy communication with her remotest boundaries, but she also brought her many tributary nations nearer together, and, by assimilation through facilities of intercourse, broke down barriers which her arms could never have reached. So Alexander, fringed his path of conquest with works of intercommunication, which, linking stranger nations and races, scattered among them the happily fruitful seeds of more familiar intercourse, from whence civilization springs and grows, and the humanities finally take their perfect blossom.

Never was a nation so ably and grandly positioned as ours, to throw iron arms across a continent, and while thus embracing and developing her own more surely, to reach her hands across either ocean and seize the crown of the world's commerce and enterprize. With millions lying idle in her treasury, with no public debt, with myriad-handed labor ready at her call, and with the certainty before her that the great wilderness she penetrates will teem with populous communities and States, as rapidly as she advances on her iron path—and that this tide of settlement will save her from prolonged Indian wars and frontier desolations, and will add to the value of the regions intersected ten-fold the cost of the work, it seems a fatuity, on the part of our government, to longer postpone the greatest labor for her own glory our Republic will ever be called to perform.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

IT has been insidiously said that lawyers habitually take advantage of their contemporaries; and, if Foote is good authority, they sometimes outwit the undertaker after death. That facetious person, being summoned to the country by the relatives of a respectable practitioner, to whom he had been appointed executor, was asked what directions should be given as to the funeral. "What may be your practice in the country," said he, "I do not exactly know; but in London, when a lawyer dies, his body is disposed of in a very cheap and simple way. We lock it up in a room over night, and by the next morning it has always totally disappeared. Whither it has been conveyed we cannot tell to a certainty; but there is invariably such a strong smell of brimstone in the chamber, that we can form a shrewd guess at the character of the conveyance."

MASQUERADE is a synonym for life and civilized society. There are two sorts of masquerade—simulation, or pretending to be what you are not; and dissimulation, or concealing what you are; and we are all mummers under one or the other of these categories, excepting a few performers at the two extremities of life, those who are above, and those who are beneath, all regard for appearances. As a secret consciousness of their defects is always prompting hypocrites to disguise themselves in some assumed virtue, the only way to discover their real character is to read them backwards—as you do a Hebrew book.

THE papers tells us of a little city girl in the country, who, looking out of the window, exclaimed, "Oh, Ma, what are these queer-looking animals that are walking about with powder-horns growing out of their heads?" But we see no mention of the little country girl in the city, who cried, "Oh, mother, who are these queer-looking people that are going along with great ugly shoe-brushes under their noses?"

MAGNANIMITY is as often littleness as greatness of mind. There is a cheap species, which prompts us to feel complacently toward our enemy when he has enabled us to make a happy repartee. We can well believe that, when Sheridan had said to an importunate creditor, "Sir, it is not my interest to pay the principal, and it is not my principle to pay the interest," he took the fellow into favor, and actually defrayed the amount of the bill—if he was able to borrow the money.

LIGHT, like the circulating blood which returns to the heart, is supposed to return to the sun, after having performed the functions for which it was emitted from that body. Even so will the soul, our intellectual light, return to its divine source when released from the body, to whose earthly purposes it has ministered.

LOVERS must not trust too implicitly to any of their five senses. A tender swain reproached his fair one with letting a rival kiss her hand, a fact that she indignantly denied. "But I *saw* it." "Nay, then," cried the offended fair, "I am now convinced you do not love me, since you believe your eyes in preference to my word."

HABITUATED as we are to the association of doves with loves, it seems startling to learn, on the authority of Pliny, that the Romans considered the hawk a bird of particularly good omen in marriage, because it never eats the hearts of other birds; thus intimating that no differences or quarrels in the married state ought ever to reach the heart.

THE English papers speak of a living skeleton weighing only forty-five pounds, and say that "the medical faculty are unable to fix upon the cause of his emaciation." We suspect that, if he himself could fairly fix upon it with his thumb and forefinger, he might pull from his mouth as many yards of *tape* as ever a juggler did at an exhibition.

THE existence of a rational and improvable creature is not to be measured by years and months, but by ideas and sensations—by what we can see, enjoy, learn, and accomplish during our pilgrimage upon earth; and, in this point of view, every educated individual is as a Methuselah in comparison with his remote ancestors.

A STUPID Arkansas editor denounces satire as "unworthy of any able writer's dignity." He had better consider whether satire is not of divine authority—whether heaven did not make one upon the human race in making *him*.

A FEMALE correspondent of a St. Louis paper speaks of a sight she saw lately, which, she says, made her *smack her lips*. It seems a pity that ladies in that city have to smack their own lips. In most cities the gentlemen are ready to save them the trouble.

A WRITER in one of our medical journals insists that finger-rings should not be worn too small. We insist that they should not be too large. Wedding-rings in particular should not be worn *loosely*.

WE are told that, at the hight of three miles from the earth, the temperature is always the same. That's being above the weather. A great many people understand in these hard times what it is to be *under* it.

AN editor, a neighbor of ours, calls a contemporary "a felon," and says that he has him under his thumb. We want no *felon* about *our* thumbs.

A SHOEMAKER has one important advantage of most kinds of mechanics—his goods, whenever finished, are always *sol'd*.

* * *

CURRENT ITEMS.

AMONG other recent items of news from New Mexico, it is stated that a party of hunters, eight in number, were attacked by a large force of Indians, and three of them instantly killed. The other five hunters broke away, and succeeded in gaining a clump of trees situated in the midst of a large plain, and from thence kept up such a deadly fire with their unerring rifles, that the Indians, after besieging them for two days, finally retreated, and the heroic band escaped.

A POOR woman named Danvers, living in Avenue B., and her three children—the youngest about three, and the eldest about seven years of age, were found dead in her room a few mornings since. On investigation, it was found that they had been smothered by the fumes of burning charcoal—probably lighted by the mother's own hand, to enable herself and children to escape the horrors of starvation.

A LADY living near Smithfield, Virginia, who was married a little over four years ago, has already presented her husband with thirteen sound and healthy children—of six of which (three boys and three girls—first a pair of twin girls, then a pair of twin boys, then a boy and girl—twins) she is the mother, and the other seven (black ones) she bought at the sale of a neighbor's estate.

A YOUNG man named McKeown, residing in West Philadelphia, early one morning recently attacked a gentleman, who called lustily for the police, and on an officer's coming up to arrest McKeown, he ran to the rear of a hose house near by, forced an entrance, and ran to the cupola to hide, but missing his footing, he fell to the ground—a distance of three stories—and was instantly killed.

A LADY of Boston, who has not lived with her husband for some time past, recently attended St. Paul's Church, in that city, and on quitting the house after the services, her husband, who was waiting for her at the door, robbed her of her cloak, shawl and muff, and would have taken her jewelry also, had not the bystanders interfered.

AT a serenade recently given to the Hon. John C. Breckenridge, at New Orleans, a gentleman became exasperated at the rush of the crowd outside the house, and attempted to stab an "outsider" with his sword-cane, but instead, stabbed one of his own friends.

THE Mormons are said to be preparing for a removal from their present location at Great Salt Lake City. They say the grasshoppers, and not United States' troops, will occasion their removal. It seems that the grasshoppers lay the country waste every year.

A MAN in Philadelphia was recently cured of hydrophobia by swallowing vinegar. A pint was administered to him in the morning, another pint at noon, and a third at sunset.

THE panic on the continent of Europe is raging at a fearful rate. At Hamburgh, twenty of the leading houses failed in one day, and business was entirely suspended.

THE REV. MR. STOVALL, of New Orleans, has been convicted of the murder of a woman with whom he had had too intimate relations, and sentenced to be hung.

MISS OLEAN TAYLOR, a young lady of Columbus, Ohio, recently committed suicide, on Sunday, while her parents were at church, by hanging herself in her room.

IT is said that, owing to a falling off in the supply of rat skins in Paris this season, there will probably be a rise in the price of "extra fine *kid* gloves."

A NEW YORK editor suggests that the people should have a President who can "checkmate all opposition." Agreed. We nominate Paul Morphy.

A MAN named Vreeland, while violating the Sabbath recently, by hunting rabbits near Newark, N. J., shot his own son in the head

YESTERDAY.

BY ALICE CARY.

I was blind till yesterday
When Alonzo came to me;
Noblest, truest, best of men,
I can only see since then.

Blind, and doubly blind with tears,
I have lived a thousand years
Since the time he came to me,
Yet 'twas only yesterday.

Tell me, ye of longer sight,
Was the world as fair and bright,
Ere this love of mine, so kind,
Kissed me till I was not blind.

Did the twilight use to close
Like the shutting of a rose?
And the daybreak shine with dew
As if earth were made anew?

Did the moon's white grace invite
Companies of stars at night?
And the noontide lie abroad
Like the great broad smile of God.

Life was like a volume shut,
All the beauteous leaves uncut,
Till Alonzo came to me—
Came and kissed me, and I see.

THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

BY DR. HORATIO W. NELSON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY CLAUDINE; OR, THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE;" &c., &c., &c.

Entered according to Act of Congress, inthe year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXII.

KATE'S FLIGHT FROM THE TOWER.—HINCHCLIFF'S LIVING TOMB.

Although neither John Hinchcliff nor Sir Paul Varney could imagine how or with whom the lovely and high-spirited Kate had escaped from the Tower, the intelligent reader has, doubtless, already come to the conclusion that she fled with the fascinating Frenchman, the Count Louis de Bienville. And so she did. The count loved her devotedly and honorably, and she returned his love with all the pure and passionate fervor of her ardent and unsophisticated nature. On leaving the Tower, the count had taken her to a pleasant cottage near Varney Castle, where it was agreed (Kate first telling the count the story of her birth, which he said only made him love her the more,) that they should be married on the 12th of the ensuing January. The ardent lover demurred at this delay; but Kate said her fortune had been told at different times by three gypsies, every one of whom had said she would either die or be married on the 12th of January, and therefore the wedding *must* be on that day. The gallant Frenchman acknowledged himself satisfied, and goodnaturedly consented to the arrangement. On strolling about the grounds and viewing Varney Castle, Kate discovered that she was in the cottage of her birth, and meeting with Dame Hubbard, Sir Paul's old housekeeper, at the castle (who instantly recognized her by her striking likeness to her dead mother), she learned much of the story of that mother's life and sorrows, and was conducted to her grave, upon which she wept and prayed for many an hour, at morn and noon, and eve and midnight. On her return from a stroll one day, hearing from her French maid, Lizette, that a rough and savage man had been to the cottage inquiring for her, and that he ransacked the dwelling all over, notwithstanding the indignant maid's commands to him to leave the house, Kate at once divined that this unceremonious brute was no other than John Hinchcliff, and communicating her fears of him to Count de Bienville, or Louis, as she now called him, he at once sought lodgings for her elsewhere, and procured, as we have seen, the old town abbey of Sir Paul Varney. The reader will now understand what beautiful lady it was watching (as described in chapter XIX.) at the window of the abbey, and listening to the step approaching from without, and who was surprised, on the door being unbarred, to see, instead of the Count Louis, a total stranger enter the room. The mystery was soon explained. The stranger had a letter from Louis. He had been obliged to leave for France (the letter said) suddenly, on business of pressing importance; he would soon be back; in the meantime he prayed God to bless her whom he so devotedly loved, and keep her safe until his return.

This was a terrible blow to the lonely girl; but Lizette seemed overjoyed, and declared that now they should soon all return to la belle France—to Paris, the only place fit for rational beings to dwell in. That her lord the Prince Louis—and here she suddenly checked herself, and in much confusion said she meant the *Count* Louis.

Kate was startled. "Prince Louis!" And then all the mysterious meetings and letter-writings that she had known Louis to be engaged in—what could they all mean? Was he really a Prince? Had he gone to France on some desperate revolutionary enterprise? Alas! alas! she should never see him more.

* * * * *

It will be remembered that we left Hinchcliff enclosed in the horrid vault of the dungeon of the castle at Conybeare-Ford. When the turnkey found himself so suddenly shut within the recess by the quick motion of Earl Inglis's hand in revolving the stone, his first impulse was to utter a loud cry of mingled rage and terror, and throw himself against the stone with all the weight of his herculean shoulders and chest. But the wall was too thick to be penetrated by his voice, and if it had been heard, it would have fallen on ears which self-preservation had sealed up with inhumanity. After a brief struggle to get out of his living tomb, he was satisfied that he was expending his force in vain. He gave vent to deep curses upon the nobleman, and tearing his hair and beard, he shrieked with madness. This paroxysm passed, he stood trembling like a leaf at the prospect of certain death. He stretched out his arms to feel the breadth and height of the place, as if to calculate how long a time it would require to consume the air, and convert it into poisonous carbon. As he felt the sides, he found that they were circular. He continued to move his hand about, and ascertained that the receptacle was perfectly circular, about the width of a large wine puncheon, and six feet high, his head being within a few inches of the roof.

At this discovery he uttered a cry of joy; for he recollected that in the Tower there were four precisely such constructions in as many different apartments, the secret of which he was, as a turnkey, well acquainted with, having years before entered them, shut himself in, and released himself. In fact, this very recess he was now in was, two hundred or more years ago, constructed by one of the lords of Conybeare, in imitation of those in the Tower, to conceal his plate and treasures in from Cromwell's soldiery.

The turnkey now stooped down and began to feel with his hand, which shook with the excitement of his hopes, along the inner concave edge of the outer hemisphere, until it was arrested by a square head of stone, not above four inches across, which he hastily pushed aside and, feeling in the cavity beneath, found a spring. It was placed there by the original constructor, in case an accident should enclose any one while in it, not to enable prisoners to escape. Hinchcliff, finding this iron beneath his hand, stood up and pressed his right foot with a strong downward pressure upon it. In a moment the heavy rock door began to move. As it revolved slowly there was visible, first the faintest twilight, then more light, until, moving farther round still, it let into the dark chamber, which the merciless earl had intended should be the vestibule of eternity to his victim, a broad band of light—of the bright and living light of day. He could scarcely restrain himself from giving vent to a great shouting cry as he saw the way thus opened for his liberation; but prudence restrained his emotions, and leaping out into the dungeon, which was lighted by a grated window placed high up in the wall on the side towards the river, he, with his first thought of escaping paramount, rushed to the outer door. But as he did so he thought of the treasure, and running back, he caught up a handful of the precious stones, and thrust them into the pocket of his jacket.

"I will at least feather my nest," he said. "Now let me make my way out of this assassins' den!"

He now tried the door, but it defied his efforts to open it. After carefully examining it, and trying with all his strength to force it, he was satisfied that he could not move it. The only alternative seemed to be the window. To this he now turned his attention. It was quite large enough to admit his body, but it was heavily and securely grated with iron bars, which crossed one another at right angles, having square spaces hardly wide enough to pass the hand through.

A. BOBBETT. SC.

KATE VARNEY AND DAME HUBBARD.

In trying to climb to the window, he slipped and dropped to the floor, when he felt the slab sink beneath him. He sprung aside, thinking he was falling through the stone floor, when he perceived that he had fallen upon one of the trap doors which are found so often in the more ancient mansions of the British nobles, who in their civil wars and rebellions devised ways and places of escape and secresy which at the present day are little demanded. His vocation in the Tower had familiarized him with all such secret inventions. He instantly began to press every part of the slab with his feet, particularly the corners, when it turned itself up edgewise upon a horizontal axle, leaving on each side of its perpendicular faces, a dark opening sixteen inches wide, one of which came near receiving him bodily. But he leaped aside upon the floor, and with an exclamation of joy, gazed down into the opening.

"Heaven has not wholly left me to perish! I shall find a way of escape now by this."

He immediately let himself down upon a staircase beneath, which firmly received his feet. He descended until he was below the floor, and found that the intense darkness was pierced towards the river by a faint gleam, scarcely as bright as that of star light. On every other side all was pitchy dark, and the air was as cold and damp as a sepulcher. It was a fearful place, but it held out to him a hope of release; reaching the bottom, as he stepped from the last stair to the wet floor the trap-door over head swung up and fell into its place, shutting him beneath in a tomb, as it seemed to him more awful than that from which he had so recently been delivered. The strong and rude natured man shuddered as he realized his helplessness, and felt that perhaps he should yet perish beneath the horrible vaults of the chateau. Fixing his eyes upon the faint light, which quite disappeared if he looked at it straight, and was only visible by a careful oblique glance, he moved towards it groping his way. The floor was covered with water, which at every step grew deeper and still deeper. When it came up to his knees he stopped and hesitated to go on. The scarcely perceptible rays were still before him, but hardly increased in distinctness. He took courage from despair, and the consciousness if there was safety it only lay in that direction, led him to go on. The water at length came to his middle and then to his arm pits; yet the light increased at each step of his progress until he could see it faintly reflect upon or through the water, he could not tell which. He pressed forward, and losing the bottom with his feet, he commenced to swim. As he drew near to the gleamy appearance he saw that it actually came from the outside, transmitted through the water, by means of a low arch, into which the river tide flowed at high-water. This certainty renewed his hopes, and swimming forward, with new vigor, he came where the ceiling left scarcely space for his head and shoulders. This fact caused him a shudder of horror, for he saw that if he continued there till the flood was in, it would, as the signs showed, leave less space for his head between the surface and the upper stories, and he would evidently have been drowned. But a few strokes of his strong arms brought him to the submerged wall in which was the low arch that let in through the water the nebulous light which had guided him, and diving deep beneath the surface to clear the arch with his head, he came up into broad daylight out on the bosom of the Thames!

For a moment, as he saw the light of the sun, the assurance of his safety made him so weak that he could hardly keep above water; but realizing his escape fully he gave utterance to a great oath of thankfulness, and in a few strokes was at the bank beneath an overhanging tree.

He did not delay a moment for fear of being discovered from the chateau, for he felt that it might endanger his life still if the Earl should know of his escape. He now ran rapidly down the banks of the river until he came to the street which passed through the hamlet of Conybeare-Ford to the Ford. It was yet very early, and few were astir. He soon gained the rear of the village, it being his purpose to make his way to Edmundson, two miles distant, where he could dry his clothes, and decide what he should do next in order to avenge himself upon the two noblemen who had shown such indifference to his life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ARREST OF THE ISRAELITES.

It is the day of the great Jewish ceremony, the Barmizwah, and the princely son of Salathiel, with eleven other youths, have been admitted into the ranks of the young men of their nation, and solemnly taken the oaths of duty and devotion to their race. Absalom, the son of Josaphat, has met the queenly Ketura at the synagogue, and unperceived exchanged vows of fidelity with her, and given her a costly ruby, one of the Tower jewels, that morning given him by his father. The assembly have departed, and Salathiel and Josaphat wrapped in their cloaks, and with their slouched hats drawn down, are walking to and fro in the vestibule of the synagogue, and conversing in low and eager tones.

"The Tower robbed?" exclaimed Josaphat, with a look of blank amazement as Salathiel announced it.

"Yes. It is said the police have certain information that jewels to the amount of two millions have been taken!"

The purchaser of Lord Inglis's treasure gasped. His face grew sallow with the total absence of the blood from it all rushing to his fearful heart.

"Last night, said you?"

"Yes."

"Who—who——"

He could not articulate! His suspicions were aroused: for he had seen on the mountings of one of the pearls he had, as he looked over them at home, the cypher of the English crown.

"No one knows! some say it is the visitors—some say it is the French refugees who are secretly, it is now known, fitting out an expedition to secure the French throne."

Josaphat bent his head upon his breast, and walked away a short distance and then back again in troubled throught!

"You seem disturbed, brother!"

"Me? Oh, no! It was a great robbery! What can the robbers do with their booty?"

"Offer to some of us!" said Salathiel, with a smile; "I am surprised that we have not been honored with the proposal usual in such jewel robberies to advance on them! Perhaps, however, some of our friends have! It will be, however, a terrible loss to them—for they will lose all."

Without saying another word, Josaphat wrapped himself in his cloak, gave his friend the good evening, and hastened to his house, in which he was about to shut himself to examine more carefully the jewels, when Absalom appeared, with hope and joy animating his fine countenance.

"Wish me happiness, dear father!"

"Wherein?" demanded the old man, looking up with so pale a face, that Absalom instantly said,

"You are ill, sir!"

"No! But what happiness?"

"Ketura and I are to be married! She has today given me her sacred pledge."

"This is no time for marrying and giving in marriage! Where is the ruby?"

"I gave it to her. It was the accepted seal of our betrothal."

Josaphat looked troubled.

"Come with me."

They entered his secret chamber. He locked the door, and opened the safe which contained the jewels. Absalom was alarmed at his manner and ominous looks. He poured the jewels upon a table, and then took from his desk a small book printed in Latin, which gave a minute description and elaborate drawing fac-simile of every jewel in the possession of kings and crowned heads in Europe, and of others, the value of which exceeded fifteen thousand pounds. He turned to the section headed "Precious stones in the realm of England." He looked at the engravings of several, and then, comparing three of the largest that were on the table with them, one after another, he uttered a cry, loud, fierce, despairing, and tearing his hair with a sort of frenzy, he would have dashed his forehead against the wall, but for the interposing hand of his son.

"What is it? What has happened? Speak! Let me know! Do no injury to yourself, my dear father!"

He was answered by a wild stare, and with an expression of horror.

"See! these jewels are stolen from the Tower! —that earl is a villain robber! I have advanced a hundred thousand pounds, and am ruined. The descriptions are the same. I am a fool—I am an idiot—I deserve to be hanged! But you urged me to it—you advised me, boy! You had a conference first with this vile Lord Neagle, another rogue! What had you to do with him?"

"He promised, if I would prevail upon you to advance the money, he would make me a present of a quantity of jewels, out of which I could make money enough to get Salathiel's consent to give me Ketura."

"Bribed you! Out of my sight, boy! Begone! I have lost by you half I am worth—the half I resolved to give you for your marriage portion. Now it is gone. You are a beggar, and you deserve to be!"

The young Israelite covered his face with his hands. But he did not yet know the full extent of the evil.

"How did Lord Inglis get these jewels? Whence did they come?" he asked.

"From the Tower! It was last night robbed! You may well start. These two noblemen have stolen the treasures, and here I am the receiver of half of them. They are doubtless half way to the continent. If these are found here (and the police will visit every one who deals in jewels), I shall be hanged as high as Haman; and by the beard of David, I deserve it, for being such an idiot! not to examine by calling on the foreign consul, to know if these jewels were his monarch's that the earl alleged they were. My desire to make a great profit blinded me. Come—put them into the casket. Doff your rich dress. Go at once with me to the Lord Mayor, and bear them to him ere they are found in our possession. One hundred thousand pounds cast into the fire! Oh! my money, my money, my money! Would that I had died ere I lived to see this day!"

Absalom, with a weight like lead upon his soul, silently, and with shaking fingers, gathered up the jewels and placed them in the casket. His father all the while walked the floor, wringing his hands and cursing, by all the prophets and patriarchs, his evil fate.

"The ruby? You must secure it, or if found on *her* person, she will be cast into prison!"

The words fell like a clap of thunder upon the ears of the young man! He was about to rush out, when his father, calmer than he, stopped him.

"Go change your dress! I will do the same! We can then go together! I must tell Salathiel all, and seek his counsel. This might have happened to him also!"

After their usual dress had been substituted for their ceremonial one, said Josaphat—

"Lord Neagle promised to come to-morrow. There is some hope he may be taken. If he comes he will be—I shall see to that. But I fear that satisfied, the two nobles, with what I have advanced, they have deceived me, and I shall see them no more!"

"He can't know of your discovery. He may come."

"Jehovah the Lord grant it!"

"Let us not delay, dear father! The ruby—Ketura may be lost!"

They rose to go out, when a knocking was heard at the side door. The little hunchback Jew with the hawk nose came running in, followed by Israel, pale, and with looks of the utmost terror. He cast himself weeping upon the breast of Absalom, sobbing—

"My sister—my father——"

"What of them? What has happened?" cried both the Rabbi and his son in the same breath, and paler than he.

"Gone! Taken!" he gasped. "They have been carried to prison just now. I only escaped to tell you—my father bid me tell you, for Absalom gave her the ruby!"

These words were wrung from his bursting heart word by word, for his grief rendered articulation almost an impossibility. No sooner did Absalom comprehend him, than he shrieked and rushed to the door, crying—

"It is me! It is me! I am the cause of it! I will free her, or——"

"Stop, son!" called out his father, in a voice of command. "Hold! Rush not so madly into the street! The worst is done to them. We have only to appear at the police to release them. We will not delay. Israel, dry your tears. First to the police magistrate, to release them, and take their places. It is Heaven's will. We must submit with patience to this extraordinary series of events. Let us be calm."

Absalom was surprised at his father's calmness; but the Israelite felt that, having suffered his first burst of grief and passion, it now became him to act with wisdom and firmness to meet the crisis before him.

In a few minutes they were seated in a carriage on the way to the police magistrate, taking the jewels with them, and also the certificate signed by Lord Inglis of the transfer of the jewels to him.

"Did your father or Ketura say to the constables who gave her the ruby?" asked the Rabbi of the lad, whose day of joy and of glory was (like all earthly joys) followed so soon by despair and tears.

"Oh, no! She loves him too well to betray him. She would rather, she said, go to prison!"

Absalom felt a choking sensation filling his throat.

"Did Salathiel suspect that my son came by the ruby in any wrong way?" asked the Rabbi, with hesitation and difficulty consenting to put such a question, yet wishing to know all.

"Oh, never, sir! My father smiled as they took him, and said all would come right; but he whispered to me to hasten to tell you how that the ruby had made them to be arrested."

They soon reached the house of the police magistrate. In half an hour afterwards, Josaphat and Absalom had the happiness of receiving Ketura and her father from the prison (which had held them but two hours) into their carriage, and driving them home with great joy. And those past hours of sorrow, followed by this of happiness, cemented the friendship of the two (lately rival) families in lasting bonds.

The story of Josaphat, confirmed by Lord Inglis's certificate, the surrender of all the jewels, and the story of the gift of the ruby, had been sufficient to acquit all parties with honor, and writs were at once made out for the arrest of the two noblemen. We have already seen how that which was for Lord Inglis was rendered ineffectual by the flight of that nobleman a few minutes before the arrival of the police, upon the horse furnished by Ralph, the lover of Bettie Page.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TRAGEDY.

We will now return once more to the ancient ale-house, the "Sack Inn," and mine host, Botany Bay Paul. The reader will remember that we left there, full of hope and happiness, Eva Marie, the pretty foundling he had taken out of the London streets, and adopted in place of his own dead and embalmed child. We left her with the mantua-maker, and we now will find her, the morning after, dressed so sweetly, with her golden hair, early a stranger to carefulness, gracefully wound in rich masses about her head, and her whole appearance so changed that Simon, then in prison, nor any one, would have recognized her, who had seen her before. Paul, upon seeing her come into the little breakfast room, had to look twice, and then hold up his hands in admiration and pleasure at the sight of such a lovely and noble-looking child. He thought of a pearl that had fallen from a coronet into the mire, and found again, cleansed and re-set. He felt like kissing her over and over again, she was so beautiful; yet her very beauty and superior appearance checked the parentally inclined affection.

"Is it possible that this is Eva?"

"Yes, dear father, for so you said I might call you," answered Eva, going to him, taking his hand, smiling in his face with grateful emotions, and kissing him on each cheek. At this tears came into his eyes. He felt that she must be good to be so grateful, and then the kiss recalled so forcibly his own child, who last of all human beings, left a kiss upon his cheek. He drew Eva tenderly to his heart.

"God bless you! God bless you! I almost fear you are too beautiful for such a rough man as I am to take care of, and call my child!"

At this she smiled, and handed him his cup of coffee, and he felt, as he breakfasted, as if his daughter were given to him again from the dead!

"What are those scars, Eva, the dressmaker told me about last night before she left, that she saw on your arm?"

"I don't know, dear father;" and drawing up her sleeve above the elbow, she showed five healed wounds about an inch apart, extending along the arm for five inches in a sort of crescent-shaped direction. They appeared to have been deep and violent from the rough edges, and were as large as if a buckshot had been cut out of each. Paul uttered an exclamation!

"'What did that?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Let me see them." He examined the snowy arm closely. "It must have been a terrible wound. No recollection?"

"None at all, sir."

"Then it must have been done when you were a child—at least an infant—since you can't remember."

"I expect it was, sir."

"It's a mark you will carry with you to the grave! I wish I knew who you were and are. I am afraid I may yet lose you if I love you, for with such scars as those you could be claimed by your parents in any part of the world."

"I have no parent but you," she answered, with a fervor and tenderness that gratified him, and made him resolve that he would contend for her to the last against all new comers; "but," he said to himself, "there is little that I need fear, for children that are once set adrift in this fashion, are seldom hunted up again!"

At this moment some one rapped at the glass door of his breakfast-room, from the tap-room in front.

"Come in!" said he.

The stout, well-to-do, corpulent person of mine host, jolly Will Wild, of the Conybeare Arms, and the father of the beautiful Rose—"Wild Rose"—appeared in the entrance. He looked a little as if he had a misgiving at being where he found himself; but the beautiful face of Eva, and the hearty welcome with which Paul seized him by the hand, re-assured him.

"Why, bless my lights—well, old friend, what lucky star's brought you here? Sit down! Eva, child, pour him out a cup of coffee, with cream and sugar. Our country friends, Will, always love cream—a thing rare to get in London; but sometimes my good old aunt, who lives down below the castle Varney, sends me a can of it! What brought you up to London?"

"It was these dreadful doings, Paul! My boat is landed by your stairs here, and I thought I'd drop in, as we used to know one another; and when a man has honestly, and up to the law, served his transportation out, I look upon him as innocent a man as is in the three kingdoms, and no thanks to the king or queen. Bygones is bygones, then, and I'm not the lad to throw 'em into a penitent man's face, that the law has no longer any claim on, and I know you keep a civil inn, and are trying to earn an honest penny like the rest of us."

"You were always a right, straight-down, honest-hearted man, Will, and I see you are so still.

You an't a man to jump on another when he's down. But you've heard the news, I reckon?"

"Yes, about the Tower robbery!" and he shook his head dolefully. "Sad business. And the earl to be head and front in it. It's a disgrace to us all down there!"

"They've got him safe in the Tower! They say he fled a horseback, and got aboard a pirate vessel some twenty miles or so below, and was running out to sea when she was blowed out of the water by a frigate; but he was taken up and put in irons, and brought up last night!"

This was no other than the brigantine of our old, one-armed Captain Foy, who had been overtaken by the French policemen with Lords Beresford and Eslington in charge, and who had agreed to carry them to France. Foy was killed in the action, and Beresford and Eslington much injured.

"Yes, I know it all! I knew when they took him past Conybeare-Ford. I've been to the Tower, too, this morning!"

"You?"

"Yes. You know of course the earl's house in town and the chateau, as they call it, is in the possession of the law. So Lady Isabel, his noble and handsome daughter, poor thing, had no place to lay her head, and she came down with my niece Bettie Page to the "Arms" for a home till she could look about her, like, and see what turn things would take. When she heard how everything was, after taking on dreadfully about it, she made up her mind to go and stay with the old man, and comfort him. She's his daughter, and it's natural. So we couldn't change her mind, and Ralph Browning (who's to marry my niece, Bettie Page) and I, and one of my men, came up this morning, and brought her to the Tower. But we had to get a permit from his honor my Lord Mayor, and so I left her in a room at the Water Gate Inn, with Ralph, close along side, to wait till I came back with the paper for the head keeper to admit her. Now I want you to tell me how to find my lord's, and what I'm to do to get in? Is it to cost money, and how much? You know all about these London matters, Paul."

"I'll go with you."

They now started to the door, when, to the surprise of both men, (for he was known to both,) Hinchcliff made his appearance. He was a good deal flushed and restless, and wore a look of coarse audacity.

"What, John?" exclaimed Paul.

"Well, comrades. So, Will, art here, man?"

Mine host did not like the familiarity of this address, but said nothing. He tried to get out as soon as he could. "You've got the news, lads!" continued the turnkey, with a loud laugh. "I came pretty near getting my neck stretched; but what I could tell was worth to them more than my hanging, and so here I am!"

"John," said Paul, touching his elbow, "I want a word with you in a whisper."

The turnkey walked aside with him, his hands in his pockets, his looks bold.

"Well—what is it? You see I didn't peach!"

"That was kind in you. I want to tell you how much I think of it. You might have given me trouble, John."

"Hanged you, Paul! But the devil is not so black as he's painted. Everybody in London looks upon me as a horned Satan. It's well I ain't much known in the city, or I'd be followed; as 'twas, they had to get me into a carriage, and drive off with me half a dozen streets before they set me down."

"And this surprises me, that they let you go at all, John."

"I turned informer!"

"But without bail; for they'll not find you if you choose to be out o' the way when they want you as a witness."

"Bail! I got bail in eight thousand, cool!"

"You?"

"Yes—if I hadn't, I'd be now in Newgate."

"Who went your bail?"

"It's a secret, Paul," he said, lowering his tone of voice, "but not to you. It was Sir Paul Varney."

"That's surprising!"

"Not a bit. Sir Paul knew what he was about," answered Hinchcliff, significantly.

"Well—perhaps he does. Now, John, I want to keep out of trouble. You'll not bring me in?"

"Did I?"

"I mean on trial."

"No. It's only on these aristocrats I'd peach. But I want you, in return, to let me stay here and have a room, and go and come free of charge."

"Done!"

"Then I'm mum as a mousetrap."

Paul showed his guest a room, where he left him, and then rejoining Will, they went out together to obtain the permit for which the earl's daughter was patiently waiting at the Water Gate Inn.

"Here's an apothecary's," said Will, as they were passing along; "I have to buy a plaster and some lint."

"Who's hurt, Will?"

"Didn't I tell you? Why, when that brig was sunk by the frigate, and Lord Inglis taken out of the river half drownded, they picked up two young men floating on a spar, with their hands chained. One of them had his arm broke by a ball, and the other was wounded by a splinter, so that his eye was nearly torn out. The pirates, or what not, they said, were taking them off to France for nothing. Well, they were saved, and brought up the river; but being as one of them suffered so much, they landed them both at Conybeare-Ford, and carried them to 'The Arms.' That was about sun-up to-day. They are there now, and two as fine-spoken young men as one would wish to have in an inn."

"Who are they?"

"I don't know. But the captain of the frigate sent his lieutenant with 'em, and he told me it was all right, they were true and good men, and would pay all expenses."

"Then you'll feather your nest."

"I'd rather not, at the cost of suffering, Paul. But what makes you look about so, Paul? Are you trying to find out the Lord Mayor's house?"

"No. I know where the Mansion House is, as well as I know St. Paul's. I'm thinking about my dog, and am constantly hoping I may see him?"

"Your dog! Have you lost him?"

"I'm mighty afraid so. He was almost a human for knowing and understanding. I would rather have seen Steenie in the pit of devils, than have lost my dog. I fear he's killed him. I set him, you see, to follow a confounded Scotchman from the "Sack" yesterday morning, to know where he lodged, so that I might keep an eye on him; for I suspected the fellow was ugly, and might do me a mischief."

"What a crowd is here!" interrupted Will, as their way was blocked up by an excited throng about a door of a sort of tavern or ale-house; the very place where Lord Neagle, two weeks before, disguised as a French sailor, and lodging here, had heard from the closet of his room Hinchcliff and Steenie talking over the plot to steal the jewels from the Tower, and joined himself to them.

"What is the fuss? Who is killed? What makes the crowd?" asked Paul of no one in particular.

"A man torn to pieces by a dog!"

"Let me see, friends!" cried Paul, at the word "dog," and his thoughts running upon Steenie and his lost animal. And being a strong, herculean fellow, he forced himself onward like a wedge, parting the people to the right and left, Will following in the wake, and getting all the side after-blows intended for Paul. The latter at length reached the door! It was packed, but he heard men calling out.

"Bring a pistol! He'll never leave him! He has him fast by the throat!"

"What sort of a dog is it?" bawled Paul over the heads of those within.

"Tawny like a lion—and large as a calf."

"Then it is my dog! Ho, Lion! Ho, Lion! Come to me, man" shouted Paul to the dog, whom he could not see; for the animal was hidden from him by those who were looking in at an open window upon the scene, and also across the lower half a door. Wherever the brute was, with his victim beneath him, he seemed to have the whole floor to himself.

No sooner had Paul thus called than there was heard from within a cry of surprise and fear—the crowd swayed to and fro, and fell back shouting with alarm; and out, over their heads, upon which and their shoulders he clambered with his blood-stained paws, bounded the huge dog which we saw Paul set on the Scotchman's track, twenty-four hours before! He leaped with a whining howl upon Paul's chest, manifesting the most extravagant signs of joy.

"What have you done, Lion?"

"Done," answered half a dozen voices, hoarse with rage,—"he has torn a man's life out! See his bloody jaws!"

"You'll have to answer for it!" shouted another.

"Hang him, instead of his dog!" called out a third.

Divining what had happened, and seeing at once his danger from an infuriated crowd, Paul leveled his fists, and knocking right and left, and assisted by "Lion," at length reached the street, and made his escape, and instead of going to the Lord Mayor's with Will, whom he had lost sight of, he hastened back to The Arms, annoyed at his dog's act, yet in his heart not regretting that so dangerous a man should be forever stilled.

We will now briefly account for this extraordinary scene:

Steenie having noticed that wherever he went he was followed by "Lion," and on waking from a half-hour's nap, finding the dog lying in the room and watching him, and not liking this espionage, rose, and with his knife made a lunge at the dog's neck. The animal immediately, with a howl, leaped upon him, and brought him to the floor. The inn-keeper rushed in with the bar-maid, but the fierce growls and savage aspect of the animal terrified them, and they ran away calling for help. Steenie upon his back, aimed a blow with his knife at the dog's head, which wounding him only in the leg, infuriated him. The struggle was but for a moment. Deep into his throat the terrible animal, (excited perhaps by his long night's watching,) now became altogether as savage as a beast of the forest, fastened his teeth, and with a paw upon his brow tore the neck, till the life-blood gushed out, and the victim lay beneath him, dead in a moment.

The police upon scouring the pockets of the Scotchman, who was recognized as a well-known London burglar, were not a little surprised to find a quantity of jewels wrapped up in a bit of wash-leather; which, being taken to the Lord Mayor, were recognised, with no little surprise, as a portion of the booty which had been taken from the Tower, and which it was believed were in Lord Neagle's possession.

CHAPTER XXV.

LORD NEAGLE'S MOST DESPERATE ADVENTURE.

Lord Harry Neagle soon found out that after a man has committed a great crime, whereby the hand of every man is set against him, it is impossible for him to calculate with certainty upon any plan or scheme he can invent for escaping detection, or trust with safety to any of his companions in guilt. Disguised as a boatman, he went down to the hamlet of Conybeare-Ford in hopes of ascertaining the whereabouts of the Lady Isabel, whom he had determined, at any and all hazards, to abduct and carry off, a prisoner to France. But he found the whole country aroused by the news of the Tower robbery, and the discovery that himself and Lord Inglis had been the leaders in the crime. He also heard that, "Lord Harry Neagle, that most dissolute young noble, disguised as a sailor, was lurking in the vicinity of London;" and that "as the police were on his track, it was hoped he would be brought in before night."

Unable to get any tidings of the Lady Isabel, and shaken with rage and fear, he returned to London, and after wandering from place to place, at last went to the "Sack Inn." Here he asked for lodgings, and Paul, wholly unsuspicious, took his money in advance, and lighted him to bed. His object in going there was, a place where he could be concealed until he could collect his thoughts, and decide what steps he should take which would not only insure his safety but money. He felt confidence in his disguise since the keen-eyed, observing Paul had not suspected who his guest was.

It was an hour after sunrise when he awoke, and realized that a perilous day had dawned upon him, the close of which would find his fate sealed! He dressed in his boatman's clothes and smutted his cheeks by moistening the greasy blacking on the top of his high waterman's boots, and rubbing it at random across his visage. In going down stairs to get his breakfast, he missed his way, and instead of taking the flight that conducted to the tap, he descended cautiously (to listen for enemies and danger, before he entered the tap) those which led to the little breakfast room. He heard voices and stopped mid-way. There was a glazed transum over the door at the foot of the stairs, and a pane of glass being out, he heard Paul at breakfast, talking with Eva, and by bending forward himself saw the scars on her arm he had asked her to show him. He also heard Will Wild come in, and was a deeply interested auditor in the conversation that followed, by which he learned the actual arrest and imprisonment of the Earl, the presence of the fugitive Countess Isabel at the Conybeare Arms, and his own danger! He saw at once that all was lost! that it would be madness for him to remain one hour longer in London than was necessary. With thousands in jewels about his person, he had now but two guineas in money remaining. He felt he could not confide in Paul, nor any one, for a reward was probably offered, and this would tempt every one to surrender him. Carefully he re-ascended the stairs, and crossing the upper entry, paused awhile to decide what to do before going down into the tap-room. While thus deliberating, and with his hand on the door again, he saw Hinchcliff enter, and heard enough of the conversation which passed between him and Paul to alarm him to the utmost, and caused him to resolve to place between himself and London at once, as great a distance as he could. With all this apprehension and desire to secure his personal safety, was mingled the ideal representation of Lady Isabel, awaiting at the Water Gate Inn, the return of Will Wild, with the Lord Mayor's permit. A resolution, characteristic of him, at once took hold of his mind. He left the inn, and in his costume of a waterman, watching his opportunity, he furtively took possession of a row-boat, and in a few moments he was pulling down the Thames alone.

In the Water-Gate Inn, seated within a small rear room which looked out upon the Tower moat and its chief entrance, sat the hapless Countess Isabel of Conybeare, awaiting the return of Will Wild from the Lord Mayor's with the permit, for which she addressed by him a touching note, entreating him to be permitted to share her father's imprisonment.

Ralph, the young and chivalrous lover of the pretty Bettie Page, was now in the adjoining public room, awaiting, as a protector of Lady Isabel, until the host of the "Arms" should return. At the end of two hours Isabel became impatient and walked up and down her room, constantly stopping and looking out at the Tower, and thinking of her father's unhappiness there in a cell alone, and deserted by all the world, and the victim of the stings of his own conscience.

"My poor, poor father! I will soon come and be with you! I can forgive—I can love you still! Why does that man linger! Nay, I am too impatient! he has gone in kindness! He must soon be here!" She continued to pace the little apartment, and next her thoughts were upon Sir Villiers:

"Where can he be? Does he know of all this? If so, he must be mortified that he ever knew me—the daughter of a felon! Love—love—who can love me now?—not even the noble Villiers! I have nothing to hope for in this world—nothing to cling to! I have promised he shall know my retreat! But it was before he knew my father's guilt! Now he will not thank me for reminding him there is on earth such a person as I am. It will be his study to try and forget me! Oh, my father—what have you done?"

She pressed her hands upon her eyes and stood some minutes motionless. Suddenly she went to the door and called to Ralph.

"Do you see anything of William Wild?"

"Not yet, my lady! But it will not be long! Here comes the boat which rowed him up—but it is not the same boatman—but I know its number. Perhaps he brings some news!"

"Heaven grant it!"

As he spoke, Lord Neagle, disguised as a boatman, and rowing the boat he had stolen, which proved to be the same which Will had got out of at the "Sack" stairs, came near. The room in which Isabel was talking with Ralph had a door which opened directly upon the river, the lower half shut up with lattice work to prevent persons from falling into the water.

Through this door Neagle beheld the lovely object of his search. His face nearly betrayed his fierce joy. He was struck with her pale, sorrowful and tearful looks, and if he had had any soul they would have appealed eloquently to the deepest sympathies of his nature. His eyes sparkled with triumph, and his lips were compressed. Resolution to carry out his purpose was impressed upon every lineament of his visage. His purpose was, as we have stated, to carry her with him to France a captive.

On his way down the Thames he had stopped at the foot of a wretched dark alley, fastened his boat and made his way up to a mean shop, above which hung three faded guilt balls. He entered and laid a jewel of great value upon the counter, and said—

"I want a hundred pounds on this till I can redeem it!"

After five minutes examination and deliberation the man paid the money (his eyes twinkling with the hight of gratified avarice), and took the jewel, asking—and evidently wishing to ask—no questions. Neagle then desired pen and paper, and wrote a note, which he placed in his pocket, and hastened from the vile den. Thence he went to an ill-looking house, talked with four men, who followed him in a boat as he leaped into his own and took his way to the Water-Gate Inn where we have seen him arrive. The boat that followed him was also in sight close at hand as if waiting.

Upon beholding Lady Isabel, he slouched his hat, pulled his hair over his eyes, to give him a rough and strange look, and turning round tied a red kerchief he found in the pocket of his boatman's jacket about his face, as if he had the toothache, and besmooched his face (as Will afterwards described it) with damp dirt from the bottom of the boat. He knew Ralph at sight. He knew the object of both in being there, having overheard all Will said to Paul. He now beckoned to Ralph, pulling his boat to the stair

"Is your name Ralph?"

"Yes, boatman! Where is Wild—the man who went up?"

"He is coming down by land by and by. He got the permit and gave it to me for your lady!"

"That is good news for her and for me too—as I am tired of waiting—having three men waiting for me at Conybeare to go out fishing with them."

Lord Neagle gave him the written paper he had penned at the Three Gilt Balls, and said—

"I would take her round to the Tower gate in my boat, but it is too dirty and wet for a fine lady. I'll call one."

The distance to the Tower stairs was about one hundred rods, and could only be accomplished by water from where she was.

He then beckoned to the boat in waiting, which came up with four oars.

Lady Isabel read the permit signed "by the Lord Mayor." She suspected nothing. It was impossible for her to penetrate Lord Neagle's disguise. She thought only of reaching her father. Ralph assisted her down the stairs and into the stern seat of the boat. Lord Neagle took the helm. His whole soul was laughing within with hellish delight to see her come so innocently into his trap, and he could scarcely prevent his eyes from betraying his fiendish joy! At one stroke he felt he was about to be avenged on the earl for refusing her so haughtily to him, on Sir Villiers Courtney, her lover, for chastising him, on her for her disdain, and gratify his own pride and passions.

It was now about eleven o'clock in the morning. Each of the men in the boat had been paid a guinea in advance, and were to have five more if he succeeded by their aid in his object. What object they cared not, so they were paid! Thousands of men in London are at any moment to be found who, for money, will give their aid to any act of violence short of murder—and often will not hesitate at that.

Lady Isabel, seeing that Ralph was desirous to get away as soon as he could, said he need not go with her, as the gate of the Tower was so nigh, and shaking hands with him, thanked him with tears in her eyes for his devotion to her and to her father. She also left in his hand five sovereigns.

"No, my lady—you have need of all you have!" he said. "I do not help people in trouble for pay."

"Then give it to Bettie! I owe her! Let it go towards a bridal gift."

She forced him to take it. He ascended the steps, Lord Neagle made a sign to the oarsmen, and backing out from the stairs they struck with such force against a small, light Guernsey skiff, that was coming ashore from a French barque, that it upset. In it were two persons, a young girl and a Norman sailor. He immediately began to swim for the shore, regardless of the young girl, who seemed very beautiful, as with her rich tresses and white arms she floated upon the water, buoyed up for a little by her dress. Lady Isabel shrieked and commanded Lord Neagle (speaking to him as to a boatman) to go to the rescue. But in a hoarse whisper he said to his men—

"Give way! For your lives! *Down* the stream!"

Ralph, seeing that the boat did not aid, and that the young girl was drowning, sprang into the water, swam manfully towards her, caught her as she was sinking for the last time, and bore her towards the shore, and haply reaching the stolen boat which Neagle had deserted, and which was floating away, got her into it, and followed her. Lord Neagle, the boat he was in rapidly receding from the spot, called out—

"Take my boat for saving her, my man!"

The next moment he was out of sight, lost to the eye amid the throng of barges, skiffs, yawls, cutters and what-not that filled the river there as carriages crowd a London thoroughfare.

In the confusion of the scene Lady Isabel, who was watching the rescue of the young girl, did not observe the direction in which they were rowing her. But looking around, she saw the Tower behind her.

"This is not the way! To the Tower stairs—boatman!"

"I am afraid the French barque will make me pay for their boat we smashed, and want to keep out of the way a while. I'll just take a row down and round, and come to the Tower on the upper side, ma'am."

This was spoken in the drawl and tone of a cockney waterman, which only extraordinary self-possession and nerve on the part of this evil man could have enabled him to adopt.

Lady Isabel silently acquiesced; for she did not wish to offend a person who by his indifference to the life of the young woman he had thrown into the river, by his carelessness and haste, showed that he set but little value on a human life. There was something also in the tone of his voice which awakened in her mind a dread—it seemed as if the voice had been heard by her mingled with the scenes of some dreadful dream. She stole glances at his face; but he kept it averted and muffled in the handkerchief. Secretly he was rejoicing in the success of a plan which, though suddenly formed, had been so far so triumphant. But the best plans of wicked men are always, sooner or later, followed (if not kept pace with) by the counteracting plans and counterplots of a sure Providence.

At length, as the boat still kept on swiftly down the river, and the Tower was no longer in sight, Lady Isabel said—

"Return! I cannot go this way! Go back, boatman, or land me at once!"

"In a few minutes, Lady Isabel."

This was spoken in an unguarded, and in his natural tone. She was seated within five feet of him. She started and looked in his face. Her eye met his full, for he was not yet ready to reveal himself, hoping to fall in with some outward France-bound merchant vessel that would, for double money, receive him and her (passing her as his wife), and so aid his escape. But she recognized him at once by his eyes—which had met hers a thousand times before, in happier days, with the glances of love. She sprung to her feet, crying—

"Lord Neagle!"

"Yes. Nay, be quiet! You need not shriek! You are in my power! Proud and disdainful woman, you shall yet kneel to me for mercy, when it is my time for vengeance! Forward, men! You shall be well paid! Mind your oars!"

"Lord Neagle, I command you to return with me! What snare have I fallen into?"

"That of love that will not be trampled upon. You had best sit down and be calm."

He laid his hand upon her wrist. She struggled, and seeing that there were numerous boats around, she uttered a piercing shriek.

"Silence, or I will put this dagger into your heart!"

Lady Isabel, seeing a boat coming up the river, a little further in shore and not far off, the occupants of the stern of which had stood up as she screamed, now waved her hands and uttered cries for aid, regardless of the dagger which he was threatening, but fearing, to bury in her bosom.

The boat answered with a cry of encouragement, and as it drew near she beheld, standing up in it, and urging the six oarsmen forward with words and gestures, Sir Villiers Courtney himself, who was then, as it happened, on his return from Conybeare-Ford, whither he had been to seek her, and where he had been informed by Rose Wild of Isabel's visit to the Tower, to see and console her father.

With a rushing of waters from before her as her prow clave them, Sir Villiers's boat came ploughing towards Lord Neagle's barge.

"For your lives, men! Five guineas each, if we keep ahead of them!" shouted Neagle to his men, at the same time displaying the gold.

Away went the boat with redoubled force, the low-browed, half savage river-robbers, that he had hired, obeying him with all their strength and will. In the other hand he still held the dagger, but the sight of aid so near restrained his hand from so public a murder! He was not yet insane enough to fulfill his threat.

Lady Isabel, as soon as she recognized Sir Villiers, sprung to the bow of the boat, and stood stretching forth her hands to him, looking as if an angel from Heaven had descended to her succor in her hour of peril.

Lord Neagle, seeing the radiance of hope, and trust, and love upon her countenance, looked more closely at the pursuing boat, which gained every instant, and in his turn recognized Sir Villiers Courtney, his hated rival! At the sight he gnashed his teeth with rage, and was trying to get forward, dagger in hand, with the murderous resolve, at whatever risk, to slay her, ere she should escape him to fall into his arms; but Sir Villiers, drawing a pistol, called to him to stop, not knowing to whom he called, but only that a seeming boatman menaced the life of a woman. But as he leveled the pistol, her voice, "Save me, Sir Villiers!" thrilled to his heart, and he recognized her, her pale face, her disheveled hair, her plain garb, before preventing recognition. Lord Neagle paused upon the middle thwart, hesitated, and that moment of hesitation decided his fate! The pursuing boat struck full the stern of his, Sir Villiers leaped on board, and Lord Neagle met him with a stroke of the dagger aimed at his life, saying, ferociously,

"Take that from Harry Neagle!"

"Lord Neagle! Then all is explained! Men, surrender!" Sir Villiers, who eluded the stroke of the dagger, called to the oarsmen. "Assist in binding this man. It is Lord Neagle, the Tower robber, men, in disguise trying to escape. Seize him. You will have the reward!"

He had said enough. The six men of his boat, as if one man, leaped on board and attacked him, each seeking first to lay hands upon the great criminal. With a desperation fired by despair, fear and hatred, the fugitive and guilty nobleman fought with his dagger, and wounded four of the men ere he was seized, thrown down into the bottom of the boat, and bound with the boat's rope; which one of his own oarsmen of the river thieves officiously cut off and brought for the purpose, hoping also to get some part of the ten thousand pounds reward offered for the prisoner. Foaming at the mouth, cursing and menacing, the captive young noble lay writhing in his bonds, his emotions reaching the verge of madness, as he beheld Lady Isabel held in the arms of Sir Villiers, who was endeavoring to restore her to sensibility.

The four oarsmen, upon representing that they were only hired by Lord Neagle, were suffered to depart after this nobleman, bound hand and feet, was lifted by them (and in the meanwhile robbed of his purse by one of them) into the bow of Sir Villiers's boat. Lady Isabel soon revived, and under the protection of Sir Villiers, who had so won a claim to her gratitude, if not to her heart and hand, was taken to the Tower, into which, also, for safe keeping, till a warrant should be got out for him, the prisoner was also conveyed, and placed, self-humbled, silent and debased, in a cell with his own dark and tumultuous thoughts.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

"BLESSED ARE THE MEEK."

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Yea—"blessed;" but who are they? *What is it* to be meek? Is it to go about the world with your head stuck forward, your eyebrows elevated, your eyelids drooping, the corners of your mouth hanging down, trying, "with might and main," to look "unworthy?"

If *that's* being meek, the most blessed thing on earth is an old, worn-out stage-horse; and the *next* most blessed one is a person (I *could* mention his name) who, upon the least attempt to step upon his corns, (*figurative* corns,) will be ready, privately, to assassinate you.

Is it necessary, in order to be truly meek, and thus inherit the blessing, that one should wear a "*kick me and I'll kiss your foot*" aspect? "Young folks shouldn't be too high-spirited—they should be humble and meek," said one, when two noble and cheerful-hearted youths passed, laughing and singing, by.

The wise elder followed them, with a dubious shake of the head, and groaned out: "Oh! the vanity and pride of youth!" Yet those young persons were of a disposition which would patiently and respectfully bear to be told of their faults; which would humbly own them, and honestly try to mend; which would feel love and gratitude to the kind reprover, and in no wise show anger or scorn of reproof; while the saintly elder—ah! touch *him* who may dare, and if he don't resent the intimation that he has a fault uncured (other than the general fault of having come of a sinful race) then you may reckon that he is about to be translated. There isn't a "brother" or a "sister" in his church who would *dare* to say to that meek elder—"You do such and such a thing, and it is very wrong." Yet he is *so* humble that he calls himself "the chief of sinners," several times a week.

It's wonderful what a difference there is in the sound of the same words as uttered by different people. Ill would it be for the bodily ease of any one but himself to tell our meek elder that he is the chief of sinners. The crust of meekness would be broken up as quickly as ice on the river when the spring freshet rises—lucky for the offender if some of the flying pieces didn't knock his head off.

◆

INTELLECT DEVELOPED BY LABOR.

Are labor and self-culture irreconcilable to each other? In the first place, we have seen that a man, in the midst of labor, may and ought to give himself to the most important improvements, that he may cultivate his sense of justice, his benevolence, and the desire of perfection. Toil is the school of these high principles: and we have a strong presumption that, in other respects, it does not necessarily blight the soul. Next, we have seen that the most fruitful sources of truth and wisdom are not books, precious as they are, but experience and observation; and these belong to all conditions. It is another important consideration, that almost all labor demands intellectual activity, and is best carried on by those who invigorate their minds; so that the two interests, toil and self-culture, are friends to each other. It is mind, after all, which does the work of the world; so that the more there is of mind, the more work will be accomplished. A man, in proportion as he is intelligent, makes a given force accomplish a greater task, makes skill take the place of muscles, and with less labor gives a better product. Make men intelligent, and they become inventive; they find shorter processes. Their knowledge of nature helps them to turn its laws to account, to understand the substances on which they work, and to seize on useful hints, which experience continually furnishes. It is among workmen that some of the most useful machines have been contrived. Spread education, and, as the history of the country shows, there will be no bounds to useful invention.

◆

NECESSITY OF SIMPLICITY.—A proposition must be plain to be adopted by the understanding of a people. A false notion, which is clear and precise, will always meet with a greater number of adherents in the world than a true principle which is obscure or involved. Hence it arises that parties, which are like small communities in the heart of the nation, invariably adopt some principle or some name as a symbol, which very inadequately represents the end they have in view, and the means which are at their disposal, but without which they could neither act nor subsist. The governments which are founded upon a single principle or a single feeling which is easily defined, are perhaps not the best, but they are unquestionably the strongest and the most durable in the world.

◆

PULSATION.—An ingenious author asserts that the length of a man's life may be estimated by the number of pulsations he has strength to perform. Thus, allowing seventy years for the common age of man, and sixty pulses in a minute for a temperate person, the number of pulsations in his whole life would amount to 2,207,520,000; but if by intemperance he forces his blood into a more rapid motion, so as to give 75 pulses in a minute, the same number of pulses would be completed in fifty-six years; consequently his life would be reduced fourteen years.

ADA AND ALWIN.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

The lady knelt beside him in a pictured chamber's gloom,
And pressed her trembling kisses on a cheek of vanished bloom:
"Look on me, mine own Alwin, I am here close by thy side—"
"Leave me, leave me, let me die—thou art like her, like his bride."
"My sweet boy, it is Ada, who has loved, who loves thee yet—
Oh, beautiful young dreamer, it is strange thou couldst forget."

"I have brought thee flowers, my Alwin, with their morning sweets and dyes;
See these blue, dewy violets, oh, they look so like thine eyes;
For this sweet thought I've warmed them in the sunlight of my love,
For this my tears at twilight have gushed their leaves above.
Nay, that young hand's snowy slightness is too weak to grasp them now—
I will lay them on thy pillow where they'll kiss thy burning brow."

"I am dying, lovely lady." "Mine own sweet Alwin, no!
Thou art still as young and fair as when first I loved thee so;
Fling the paleness and the flushing from that dimpled cheek of thine,
Let thy bright hair's curling round my fingers still entwine,
And come to that hushed bower where we dreamed so oft of yore,
And sing me those sweet songs that I used to hear, once more."

"Those were songs of love, bright lady, of a boy's mad love for thee,
Some other now must charm thee, alas, alas, for me—
Did I strive to sigh them over, they would die into a moan,
There were aching in my bosom, there were trembling in my tone."
"Alwin, oh Alwin, Alwin, these wild words are all too sad;
Raise thy blue eyes, my idol—smile—do not drive me mad."

"Smile, didst thou say, sweet lady? I've not smiled since that drear day
When I heard that dark man bid thee send that blue-eyed boy away.
The rich wine's fearful flushing was red upon his cheek,
And his wild laugh shook my spirit and made my bosom weak;
But 'tis weaker now—oh, hasten, my pulse is beating low—
I had thought thy love would save me—I bless thee—ah, I go."

"Alwin, oh Alwin, Alwin, would that I, too, had died
Ere thy young spirit left me, aye, ere I became his bride.
These gems, the price of happiness—how hatefully they shine—
I'll crush them, for they burn my brow, and flash their scorn on thine;
Now Alwin, fairest, dearest, wake—I'll be his bride no more,
No, sleep, sweet boy, I, too, shall sleep, 'tis dark—so all is o'er."

MABELLA'S ENGAGEMENTS.

New York, November, 18—.

Well, Clara, darling, here I am, after *such* an evening, sitting quietly down in my own room, to write to you. In the most approved phrase, I wish to communicate to you my happiness. I suppose I ought to say happiness, for I am going to be married to a man who swears, by all imaginable things—*good* things—that he loves me; who is handsome, rich, and not only fashionable, but the fashion.

There! am I not a lucky girl, and ought I not to be happy? And yet, somehow—Heigho! I never felt so blue in my life. I'm not satisfied, that is certain, but why, I cannot tell—for I know that I shall be envied and courted as the wife of Lincoln Faulkner; and with a secure position in the uppermost circles of that curious spiral, good society, I can live a life of constant enjoyment, of luxury, and gayety. So ought I not to be happy to-night, with his kiss yet burning upon my hand, that glance of fire from his deep blue eyes yet lingering upon my memory, the tones of his voice—musical with the intensity of his feelings—yet lingering in my ear? I will be, I must be, to-morrow perhaps. And now, just as I write "to-morrow," comes mamma, so smiling and kind.

"My love," she says, "you really must not sit up any longer. To-morrow, when Mr. Faulkner calls, I would not have you look heavy-eyed for the world. To-morrow you will walk or drive with Mr. Faulkner, and I would have you in the highest beauty, and radiant as becomes your enviable position."

And then, seeing that her words do not awaken a smile, she adds:

"What a splendid diamond, Mabella!" and she lifts my hand, and looks at my "engagement ring," sparkling in the gas-light. "When you are married, I suppose you will have the finest diamonds in New York. You are a very happy girl, Mabella, but you are too weary to appreciate it to-night. So, pray, go to bed at once."

Then she kisses me, and goes out; and I will take her advice, for I long for rest.

Tuesday. The morrow has come and gone. Oh! what an inexpressibly wearisome day.

I always fancied, Clara, that the night that followed my engagement would be inexpressibly happy—that I should dream of my new joys the night through, and wake to the intense consciousness of bliss far surpassing all I had dreamed. But, to tell the truth, I was more miserable last night even than on that night last summer, when I had spent the evening trying to convince poor little Colin Strathmore, that flirting with him, at Saratoga and Newport, did not bind me to the serious responsibilities he desired me to assume. I felt perfectly miserable when the poor fellow went off, with such an expression of despair on that pretty, smooth face, which never expressed anything before. I lay awake all night, wretched with self-accusations; and nothing, I verily believe, but the fact that the poor fellow was so *soft*, prevented me from recalling and trying to comfort him. But I had my wretched night for nothing, for Colin Strathmore's engagement to Augusta Lane was announced last week—and he has quite forgotten me.

Where was I? Ah! I recollect now that I was trying to show you that I was quite as unhappy after accepting an offer, as after rejecting one. In the excitement of the day I have felt differently, I have enjoyed my triumph and have even been gay. But there still lurked that unsatisfied feeling like a vague shadow dashing my wildest triumph with gloom.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Faulkner arrived. I was exquisitely dressed, under mamma's own eye, and ready to receive him. All other visitors were denied, and after a few moments mamma was called out of the room, and we were left to a tete-a-tete.

Mr. Faulkner is an admirable lover, Clara, if one but loved him in return. But to sit and look upon his reverential tenderness of manner, as a third person might do, with only a feeling of general interest, such as everybody feels in the manifestation of intense emotions and feelings of whatever kind, and yet to be forced to respond in some sort, and to be made to feel that you must be an actor in a drama,—in truth it is a little wearisome. I felt so like a hypocrite all the time, that I had begun to be positively unhappy when Mr. Faulkner's carriage was announced.

"Will you drive with me, Mabella?" he asked, in that deferential manner, and those sweet musical tones that I wonder have not power to thrill my heart. "Mabella," he repeated, "my beautiful one, the name of all others most befitting my promised bride," and he took my hand in his, and looked down into my eyes with a searching glance that seemed to read my soul. There was no answer there, my hand lay cold and passive in his, and after a moment he turned away as if disappointed, while a slight expression of pain flitted across his noble features. It was but for a moment, and then he courteously repeated his question—

"Will you drive with me, now, or later, Mabella? Or shall I send the carriage away, and, by your permission, spend the morning here?"

"I will go at once," I answered, for the thought of a whole morning's tete-a-tete with him was appalling.

We went; I saw many wondering, many curious glances cast upon me as I sat by the side of my promised husband, and knew that more than one of the courteous smiles bestowed upon us, vailed the rage of disappointed manœuverers. And I enjoyed my triumph, as appearing thus with Mr. Faulkner in public, our engagement was announced.

He returned to dine with us, and then we adjourned to the opera. The whole day I have had no moment for thought. I have lived in a whirl of excitement and agitated feeling. Now I am alone again and miserable.

Until yesterday, I have always admired and really liked Lincoln Faulkner. I admire him still, and I suppose like him, for I never had a livelier appreciation of his many noble qualities than now. But love him I do not, and I fear cannot, and meanwhile in the position of lover, he will become odious to me.

But you will say, "why did you accept a man you did not love?" Simply, I answer, because my vanity was flattered, my father and mother anxiously approving, and that I knew Lincoln Faulkner to be all that any one could desire in a husband. I esteemed him, and thought that sentiment would soon become a warmer feeling. From what I have endured for the last twenty-four hours, I begin to believe that to love Mr. Faulkner is impossible, and that the happiness of both will be imperiled by our union.

But time will prove whether I am right. If the most reverential devotion, the most ardent love can win a return I shall yet learn to love Lincoln Faulkner. If not—well I cannot tell what may happen. When I write again you shall know all. It will comfort me much to have one confidant, for to mamma I would not dare impart the doubts and fears that beset me. MABELLA.

December, 18—.

DEAR CLARA—Your letter lies before me as I sit down at my table to write. My eye catches the playful inquiry, "Have you yet learned to accept with proper gratitude your new happiness?" And a little further on, I read, "I can readily imagine the cause of your restiveness under the restraints of your new position. *Mademoiselle la fiancee* does not like to yield her freedom. She frets at her bonds, when in anticipation."

Well, Clara, there may be much in your latter supposition. I own I do not like to give up my freedom. But I should not think of that, if I loved the man into whose hands I confided my fate. And, Clara, I shall not yield it now. My whole being has been crying out against the wrong I was about to perpetrate, and I have answered its cry. I have declared myself free. I have thrown off the galling bonds, I have emerged from the unnatural bondage. I am free once more, but not less miserable, except that something within me exults in a wild sense of liberty.

It was in this wise. Day after day I bore the restraints and the hypocrisies of my new position with a chafed spirit. I was at war with myself and the whole world. I could see Faulkner start and turn pale, and then bend on me that searching glance beneath which my eyes always fell, when I spoke in the sharp tones that seemed the vibration of my jarring heartstrings. And mamma was continually saying, in querulous tones, how cross Bella had become since her engagement, while papa reproved me in his gravely tender manner, this morning, for my disrespect to her, and I went away to weep bitter tears, and chafe against my bonds, alone and in silence.

While I was sitting thus, Jessie came to tell me that Mr. Faulkner was in the drawing-room.

"Please, miss," she added, "mistress said I was to do your hair, before you went down. She said, miss, that it was looking dowdy and unbecoming when you were at breakfast."

"You need not touch it, Jessie," I answered, feeling a kind of savage pleasure in showing myself to my lover as carelessly attired, as my glass showed me to be, "I look quite well enough to see Mr. Faulkner," and rejecting the various articles of dress that the officious girl was bringing out of the drawers and wardrobes, I went down.

I laid my hand in Mr. Faulkner's in my usual cold and impassive manner, but he held it firmly, and drew me toward the window. For a moment he stood looking down into my face, on which traces of tears were plainly visible, and I fear he also discovered a discontented frown.

I did not like this scrutiny and would have drawn my hand from his, but he still clasped it firmly but gently, and after a few moments he said sadly—

"I see that Mabella is sad, while I, who should have the right to know, and the privilege to share her griefs, am excluded from the knowledge. Can you not give me your confidence, Mabella, and let me know what is making you unhappy? Have you not faith in my love?"

In an instant a withering scorn of my long hypocrisy filled my whole being. I tore myself away from him, and would have left the room. But he intercepted and brought me back to the sofa. With his strong hand, with all its strength so gentle in its touch, he removed my hands from my glowing face, and looked again into my eyes.

"What is it, Mabella? My happiness as well as yours is in peril. You *must* tell me."

That tone of command, gentle and firm, must be obeyed. I felt it and had no longer power to resist. With my head bowed upon the hands that clasped mine, I told him all, not sparing myself in one particular. I could feel him start and tremble, at times, but he was silent, and in no other way betrayed any emotion.

When I had finished he remained silent for a few moments, and then, in a tone of unnatural calmness, which betrayed his effort at repression, he said—

"We must part, then, Mabella. I want no unwilling bride, and to secure my selfish happiness, I will not urge you into this repulsive marriage. And yet, Mabella, Mabella, my beautiful one, how I love you! How can I give you up? But it must be so."

For one moment he held me close to his breast. I could feel his strong heart-throbs, and the convulsive heaving of his chest, that betrayed his terrible emotion; and a great, scalding tear fell upon my brow. At that moment, in my pity for the proud man I had so deceived, I could almost have taken back my words, and have promised to be his wife once more, to secure his happiness. I almost loved him then. But in another moment he had pressed his lips to my forehead, and was gone.

I heard him enter the library, and then I stole away to my own room. In an hour I received a summons to attend my father. I found him sitting in the library, and mamma was with him. Both looked agitated, and mamma very angry.

My father's manner was sharp and stern. He gave me a chair, as I entered with the air and manner of a culprit, and no sooner had I sunk into it, than he addressed me.

"My child," he said, "to-day, for the first time, a Layton has done a dishonorable deed. We are not wont to practice hypocrisies and deceits, and it gives me added pain that my child should have practised them upon an honorable man, who had given us the highest proof of his esteem and confidence by offering his hand and name to her."

Here mamma broke in with some unintelligible words, but he checked her.

"My dear, allow me," with all his high-toned courtesy: "I wish to say all I have to say to Mabella now, that we may be spared any further intercourse."

Then, turning to me—

"I wish you to prepare at once to go to Lynford. You cannot remain here, and you will be safe there under the care of Mrs. Drew, the housekeeper. A withdrawal from home and society is a light punishment for the wrong you have committed; but you must prepare to endure it. Go, now; I wish to hear neither complaints nor excuses. Farewell!"

I rose up silently, and left the room. Mamma followed me, scolding, weeping, remonstrating, threatening. For her I cared little, but for my father's sternness my heart seemed weeping great tears of blood. However, I prepared myself as well as I was able, with Jessie's help, for my sudden journey. It is night now. My trunks, all packed and corded, stand about the room, and early in the morning I am to leave home, with only Jessie and the old coachman for companions of my journey. When I reach Lynford I will write again. MABELLA.

Lynford, March, 18—

You tell me, dearest Clara, that you have never received the two letters I wrote you soon after coming to Lynford, while I, offended at your long silence, have resolved over and over again never to write you another. In those letters I described my journey, with all its disagreeable incidents of cold weather and muddy roads, my arrival here, and the astonishment and annoyance of Mrs. Drew when I invaded her solitude, the appearance of Lynford and the surrounding scenery, together with many other things equally interesting, but which I am now in no mood to repeat. No, Clara, I am not, for I have a topic more interesting than any or all of the foregoing, wherewith to fill the pages of this letter.

I will only say, then, that Lynford is situated in a remote and thinly populated neighborhood, among the hills. In summer, I am told, the villages near are often thronged by pedestrian and even more pretentious tourists, but at this season the country is one vast solitude.

I presume my parents thought they were dooming me to the severest punishment when they banished me to this solitary spot, in the midst of winter—banished me from home, from society, in the hight of the season, and from all my accustomed employments and enjoyments.

But I, on the contrary, came here exulting in my freedom. I found the house filled with every luxurious appointment, and I at once took possession of the apartments that suited me best, and installed myself mistress of all I surveyed. Mrs. Drew was a little stiff and stately at first, but I soon conciliated her, by petting her little curly-haired grandson, and making the dear old lady two of the handsomest caps, as she declared, that "ever she saw in her life." There is now nothing in the world she would not do for me.

I enjoy myself hugely in the snug library, which I have made my sitting-room, and in my walks about the country, with only some twinges of sorrow at the pain I had given my parents, and some real grief at the injustice I had done to the heart of that honorable man who loved me far beyond my deserts; and I had not once begun to feel lone liness, when, one morning, little Charley Drew thrust his curly pate, and then his entire little, round self, into the room, and handed me a card.

I looked at it, mechanically, read there the name of Everhard Holme, and then, with an exclamation of impatience, told Charley to show the gentleman in.

"Some country bumpkin," I thought, as I glanced at the mirror, to assure myself that, in my after breakfast romp with Charley, I had not disarranged my hair or dress, and then seated myself to await his coming.

Enter Charley, followed by a tall, pale, grave-looking gentleman of forty, or thereabouts. Charley introduced Mithter Holme. Mithter Holme bows, and Miss Layton favors him with a fashionable and graceful inclination, in return. They sit down and fall into easy conversation. Miss Layton discovers that grave Mr. Holmes has the sweetest of smiles, a smile that fairly illuminates and glorifies his pale, grave face, and is much attracted towards him by that discovery, as well as by that of his having been an old acquaintance and friend of her father.

Mr. Holme makes discoveries also. He discovers that his old friend's daughter is a very handsome (ahem!) and highly educated girl. That she has the power of making herself exceedingly agreeable; that, in fact, her society is a very great acquisition, and that he shall, most likely, be frequently tempted to leave his solitary home, and give himself the pleasure of calling upon her.

To facilitate this purpose, he, before leaving, offers to bring a person from the nearest village to put the piano-forte in tune, the following morning. And, on that occasion, finding that the young lady has brought no music, he silently resolves upon an expedition to the country town to procure some for her. And so visit the second produced visit the third; and visit the third no end of visits following thereafter, until it soon became a regular thing for Mr. Holme to walk or ride over, after breakfast, and spend the morning in the company of your friend.

Clara, I have been three months at Lynford. Three happy, happy months. I came here exulting in my freedom, now I exult equally in the bond in which my whole being is enthralled. I love at last, love a man with scarce a tithe of Lincoln Faulkner's beauty of form or feature, old in years, and in experience of life's sorrows and disappointments, a man who has been the husband of another, and who, though he proffers me the fullness of his mature manhood's regard, cannot give me the fresh offering of his heart.

But I am happy. My heart rejoices like a bird in the glorious spring-time. Life looks beautiful around and before me. All is well with me, and those I love. My father has forgiven me, and given me liberty to return. But I shall not leave Lynford until I leave to go to the Holme as its mistress, to be the wife of the excellent man who dwells there, and the mother of his little girl.

"A step-mother, too!" I hear you exclaim, and see the smile that dimples your cheek. Yes, a step-mother to little Alice Holme, whom first I loved for her father's sake, and now for her own, for she is the most lovable of children, with her sweet, spiritual face, and her grave, but pleasant ways. She clings to me already, and often asks me when I will come to be her dear mamma.

Papa and mamma will come down in June. Then there will be a quiet wedding here. Mrs. Drew is already talking about the wonderful supper she is going to prepare. I invite you to come to me as soon as you can, and to prepare yourself to fulfil your olden promise of being my bride-maid.

Lincoln Faulkner has heard of my engagement to Mr. Holme. He has written me the kindest of letters, wishing me every happiness, and assuring me, with a manner that leaves no doubt of his sincerity, that however he may have suffered, he thinks I have done rightly in not fulfilling an engagement that could only have resulted in unhappiness to both. Next month he will sail for Europe, and I trust will yet find happiness in love bestowed upon one worthier his high qualities, and with a heart to return for his own. MABELLA.

◆

ORDER OF THE LATCH-KEY.

We would institute a new Order—the Order of the Latch-Key.

Hitherto, orders have been of too limited an order. They have been conferred on persons distinguished generally in warfare. They are all refined more or less with blood, claiming, in that respect, a sweet affinity with sugar. Lately, a few orders have been given to literary merit, but these shine very faintly, and at long distances, like the lamp-posts in Cow Bay.

We have purposely chosen the title of the "Latch-key," and we think it a very happy one, because, as the latch-key is the proudest symbol of woman's confidence in man, so the bestowal of it would imply the possession of all the human virtues on the part of him who has proved himself a worthy recipient of it.

None but the perfect would be entitled to it. The number of the Order, necessarily, would be very limited.

These are the qualifications we propose, as *indispensable* in every candidate for the Order:—

He must have been married ten years; but if married to a widow, five years of service will be deemed sufficient.

During that period he must never have been out of temper once.

He must have given money as often as it was needed, and always in the precise sum that was asked.

He must never have objected to go out shopping with his wife, or to take her to the opera, or the theatre, or to a concert, whenever the fancy seized her.

He must never have accepted an invitation into the country, or to a pic-nic, or to a breakfast, much less to a supper, unless he was duly accompanied on each occasion by his wife.

He must also prove that he never was known to object to any of the servants engaged in the household, or to express the slightest discontent, at any time, at the way in which the dinner was composed or dressed.

He must never have kept his wife sitting up for him, excepting he had been detained on a jury.

He must have received and treated his wife's relations with the same cordiality as if they had been his own; and he must never have wondered "how long they were going to stop," whenever they brought their trunks to "stop a few days."

He must never have entered the hall, or gone up stairs, without first wiping his feet on the door-mat.

He must never have attempted to read in bed.

He must never have poked the fire after he had been requested by his wife not to do so.

He must never have fallen into the filthy habit of taking snuff.

He must never have belonged to a club!

He must always have respected, with the most unsullied reverence, the bright poker!

He must never have expressed a wish for the removal of the child's cot out of his bed-room.

He must never have complained of the washing of his shirts; and must have had a soul so far "above buttons," as never to have "made a rumpus" about the sudden loss of one.

He must never have brought a friend home to dinner "to take pot luck."

He must never have wondered "how the money goes!"

He must have been perfectly free from all petty matrimonial vices, such as cruel sarcasms leveled at curl papers, or impatient snarls if he cannot instantly find his slippers, or satirical complaints if there are no puddings for dinner, or clever witticisms cut upon the bonnet or velvet dress worn by his wife; or fatherly interference in any way with the dress or education of the children; or unkind objections to birds, cats, dogs, parrots, or gold fish; or undue indulgence in any of the thousand little contrarieties, or social tyrannies, which, on the part of the husband, tend so materially to ruffle the smoothness of the domestic hearth-rug.

And lastly—for, after all, these are two of the most important domestic qualifications—he must never have smoked in the house, either in his wife's presence, or when she was away in the country—and he must never have objected to act as warming pan, by always going in winter to bed first.

The husband who, after a trial of only ten years, should present himself for election with the above simple qualifications—duly attested by the signature of his wife, and guaranteed by two old maids, whose united ages must amount to not less than one hundred and ten years—would be declared honorably entitled to the Order. And we maintain that the immaculate individual, who walked upright through the drawing-rooms of the world with the silver Latch-key dangling from his button-hole, would command more respect than the proudest general who strutted about with the Garter round his leg, or the craftiest diplomatist, who illumined the most aristocratic *salon* with a whole firmament of stars upon his breast. Women would courtesy reverently to him, and men, when they met him, would take their hats off, as to a superior being.

Depend upon it, the "Order of the Latch-key" would soon rank as the most honorable and exclusive Order in the world. We should wonder if, after its institution, there was a single bachelor left in the land. Every one would marry upon the mere chance of belonging to such an Order!

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A GREAT man is affable in his conversation, generous in his temper, and immoveable in what he has maturely resolved upon. And as prosperity does not make him haughty and imperious, so neither does adversity sink him into meanness and dejection: for if ever he shows more spirit than ordinary, it is when he is ill-used, and the world is frowning upon him. In short, he is equally removed from the extremes of servility and pride, and scorns either to trample on a worm, or cringe to an emperor.

THE TRUTH.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Why *can't* men tell the truth? What *is* the use of making dozens and dozens of promises that are never fulfilled? Why *do* forgetful men persist in trusting business (and other) affairs to their memory?

The editors of the present age are enough to drive the entire corps of authors to distraction. They—especially those with titles prefixed to their names—are the most profuse and gallant promisers, and the most meagre performers, that can anywhere be found. We predicate of them, and that without the slightest doubt, that if they don't reform in their habits, they will all fail, and that their papers will "*go to the bugs.*" (That expression is from *high authority*; let none despise it.) Let it not be supposed—not for one moment—that we *know not* whereof we affirm; the truth is, our experience has been affectingly large among the editors, and we are free to say we wish that they were more reliable men. We wish they were *all* what it has been our good fortune to find (among fifty) *two* to be—men who neither forget nor delay to keep their word inviolate—men who frequently are *better* than their promises, but never *worse*. And one of these scarce and most precious editorial jewels is—but I dare not name him, for these pages must pass beneath his eye ere the type sees them. Unexampled as has been his success in the line of life which he has chosen, he richly deserves it *all*, for he never asks a creditor to "call again."

◆

PUBLIC BETTER THAN PRIVATE EDUCATION.

It is, perhaps, impossible for the young to be conducted without introducing in many cases the tyranny of implicit obedience. "Go there, do that, write, lie down," will, perhaps, for ever be the language addressed to youth by age. In private education there is a danger that this superintendance should extend to too many particulars. The anxiety of individual affection watches the boy too narrowly, controls him too much, renders him too poor a slave. In public education there is a comparative liberty. The boy knows how much of his time is subjected to his task-master and how much is sacredly his own. The consequences of these two modes of education are usually eminently conspicuous when the scholar is grown up into man. The pupil of private education is commonly either awkward and silent, or pert, presumptuous, and pedantical. In either case he is out of his element, embarrassed with himself, and chiefly anxious about how he shall appear. On the contrary, the pupil of public education usually knows himself, and rests upon his proper center. He is easy and frank, neither eager to show himself, nor afraid of being observed. His spirits are gay and uniform. His imagination is playful and his limbs are active. Not engrossed by a continual attention to himself, his generosity is ever ready to break out; he is eager to fly to the assistance of others, and intrepid and bold in the face of danger. He has been used to contend only upon a footing of equality; or to endure suffering with equanimity and courage. His spirit, therefore, is unbroken; while the man who has been privately educated too often continues, for the remainder of his life, timid, incapable of a ready self-possession, and ever prone to prognosticate ill of the contentions in which he may be unavoidably engaged.

We shall, perhaps, perceive a still further advantage in public education, if we reflect that the scene which is to prepare us for the world, should have some resemblance to the world. It is desirable that we should be brought in early life to experience human events, to suffer human adversities, and to observe human passions. To practice upon a smaller theatre the business of the world must be one of the most desirable sources of instruction and improvement.

Morals cannot be effectually taught but where the topics and occasions of moral conduct offer themselves. A false tenderness for their children sometimes induces parents to wish to keep them wholly unacquainted with the vices, the irregularities, and injustice of their species. They are introduced to temptation unprepared, just in that tumultuous season of human life when temptation has the greatest power. They find men treacherous, deceitful, and selfish; they find the most destructive and hateful purposes everywhere pursued; while their minds, unwarned of the truth, expect universal honesty. They come into the world as ignorant of every thing it contains, as uninstructed in the scenes they have to encounter, as if they had passed their early years in a desert island. Surely the advantages we possess for a gradual initiation of our youth in the economy of human life ought not to be neglected. Surely we ought to anticipate and break the shock, which might otherwise persuade them that the lessons of education are an antiquated legend, and the practices of the sensual and corrupt the only practices proper to men.

◆

THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG.

It is not in the wild valley, flanked with birchen slopes, and stretching far away among the craggy hills, that the music of the blackbird floats upon the evening breeze. There you may listen delighted to the gentle song of the mavis; but here, in this plain, covered with corn-fields, and skirted with gardens, sit thee down on the green turf by the gliding brook, and mark the little black speck, stuck as it were upon the top twig of that tall poplar. It is a blackbird; for now the sweet strain, loud, but mellowed by distance, comes upon the ear, inspiring pleasant thoughts, and banishing care and sorrow. The bird has evidently learned his part by long practice, for he sits sedately and in full consciousness of superiority. Ceasing at intervals, he renews the strain, varying so that, although you can trace an occasional repetition of notes, the staves are never precisely the same. You may sit an hour or longer, and yet the song will be continued; and, in the neighboring gardens, many rival songsters will sometimes raise their voices at once, or delight you with alternate strains. And now what is the purpose of all this melody? We can only conjecture that it is the expression of the perfect happiness which the creature is enjoying, when, uncarked by care, conscious of security, and aware of the presence of his mate, he instinctively pours forth his soul *in joy, and gratitude, and love.* He does not sing to amuse his mate, as many have supposed, for he often sings in winter, when he is not yet mated; nor does he sing to beguile his solitude, for now he is not solitary; but he sings because all his wants are satisfied, his whole frame glowing with health, and because his Maker has gifted him with the power of uttering sweet sounds.

◆

BAD COMPANY is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first or second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO REQUESTED A POEM WRITTEN FOR HIM.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

I'm looking at your picture, Friend,
And seeking in my brain
For something worthy of the care
Of paper to retain.

But, oh! it is a hopeless task,
And I must give it o'er;
I told you I was doomed to be
A child of song no more.

My timid muse could not endure
'Mid earth's grim cares to dwell,
And so she spread her wings one day,
And bid my soul farewell.

Up from the hum-drum earth she soared,
Through the blue arc of even,
And dwells with all her sisters now
In Jove's Olympian Heaven.

And now the mountain and the forest—
Homes of the pine of yore—
Will echo to the peans sweet:
Jove's daughters sing no more;

But Hello's fountain yet hath power,
Though lonely now it springs;
And whoso on Parnassus sleeps,
Forever after sings.

If I could bathe in Hellespont,
Or on Parnassus sleep,
My stirring numbers might have power
To make you laugh or weep;

But Hellicon is far away,
And the blue sea is wide,
And old Parnassus towers afar
Upon the other side.

Therefore I cast my pen aside,
And break my sad harp's strings;
And turn from poesy away
To other, humbler things.

THE REUNION;

OR,

ELSIE'S LIFE-TASK.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Live and love,
Doing both nobly, because lowlily.
Live and work strongly, because patiently.

On a wild October night, Elsie Raymond sat beside her solitary fireside in deep thought—in thought that, truth to tell, was tinctured by sadness. It was not often that she sat thus, for she was the most cheerful and busy of little women, the best of sisters and aunts, and the kindliest of neighbors. This being the case, she found little leisure for thought or solitary musing, for, in some one of these relations, work enough was always provided for her.

But to-night she seemed to have arrived at one of the halting-places in her life. Her young sister Sophie, the last of her charges, had that morning been married. The old gray homestead had been left desolate when her smiling face went from it, at least so Elsie thought. True, she had a tribe of small nephews and nieces staying with her, while their mother, Elsie's sister Mary, and her husband, accompanied the bridal party on their tour, but they had long been asleep, and there was no token of their presence in the somewhat prim-looking room, except a great basket of playthings in a corner, and a row of shoes, headed by Willie's "new boots," and closed by baby Elsie's tiny bronzed slippers, that were ranged against the wall.

Elsie's father had died suddenly, the victim of a fatal accident, and his widow, overwhelmed by the sad and terrible bereavement, soon followed him. With her dying breath she commended her younger children to the care of their elder sister, and exacted from her a promise that she would devote her life to them. The girl could hesitate at no demand made in the last feeble accents of her dying mother. She lifted the little unconscious babe from the feeble arms that clasped it, and holding it close to her bosom, and looking upon the tearful face of the little group gathered around that death-bed, gave the required promise.

In an hour her mother had ceased to breathe, and Elsie's life-work had begun. But it was not until the sad ceremonies of the funeral were over, and the little family had returned to the desolate home, that Elsie fully comprehended all she had undertaken.

None who have truly loved will fail to comprehend the struggle that, for the following weeks, went on in Elsie's soul. It was no light sacrifice that was demanded of Elsie; duty and love, her promise to the dead and her vows to the living, were the antagonists that contended every inch of ground. John Francis loved Elsie full well enough to have aided her in her life-task. He saw no reason in the duties she had undertaken why she should not fulfil her vows, and in becoming his wife, divide the burden of her responsibilities and care.

But she thought differently. She felt that she had no right to allow his generosity to lead him into such a sacrifice. He was young, and life lay bright and long before him. Should she allow the shadow of her care to project across the sunny path? Should she seek to lay upon his shoulders the burden that weighed her down, and doomed her to a life of toil? She could endure and sacrifice much for the children, so dear to her by ties of blood—the sacred legacy of her dead parents. But to him they were nothing, save for her sake, and she might have to see him grow weary and discontented with the untimely cares that marriage with her must thrust upon him.

So Elsie and John Francis parted, as they feared forever. When her lover found that no arguments nor prayers could change her purpose, that she had solemnly recorded her vow to the dead, and was fully prepared to perform it to the uttermost, even to the sacrifice of her dearest hopes and most cherished wishes, he disappeared from the neighborhood, without a farewell to any who had known him.

After a time a letter came to the parish clergyman to tell that he was safe, and about to sail for a foreign land, and from that hour, for all those twenty years, no tidings of John Francis had fallen on Elsie Raymond's ears. When she knew that he was gone and would not return, she very carefully gathered together every little memento of the happy season of her happy love, and locked them in the casket he had given her, thenceforth to be the shrine of her affections. Then, sternly and uncomplainingly, she turned to her life-task.

Year after year rolled on. Elsie spun and wove, and directed her maidens and her farm-laborers, and taught and nursed her brothers and sisters, and in all things strove to supply to them the place of the parents they had lost.

In time the wounds of her heart healed, at least they ceased to bleed at every touch, and she learned to find solace in the affection of her children, as she called them, while habit made her duties light, and almost pleasant.

* * * * * * * *

The midnight hour had already passed when Elsie rose to retire. Her long, lonely vigil had made her timid and nervous, and she could hardly repress a shriek of alarm—as just at that moment, a heavy knock was heard at the outer door, and resounded through the house.

But Elsie's only thought was of a summons to some sick or dying bed, for in that quiet neighborhood people were seldom abroad at night on less urgent errands; so smiling at her causeless alarm, and still trembling in spite of her bravery, she undid the fastening of the door, and threw it open.

A tall man, wrapped in a long, dark riding cloak, stood upon the threshold. By the light of the flaring candle, Elsie held, she could not distinguish his features. She only saw the strange eager look of a pair of very bright eyes, as the stranger bowed, in answer to her salutation.

"Madam," he said, "I am benighted, as you see, and in trying to reach the next village have lost my way. I am drenched to the skin, and my horse is too weary to go further through these miry roads; and seeing a light here, I have ventured to crave a shelter for him and for myself, for the remainder of the night. I assure you that you will find me no ungrateful guest."

"Sir," Elsie resumed simply, "the doors of Raymond farm have never been closed to the weary wayfarer. Enter, and a servant will care for your horse."

The stranger bowed again, and passed her silently, as she held back the broad leaf of the door. What was it that, at sight of that tall muffled form, caused her heart to beat so wildly? She put up the bar that secured the door, and then preceded her guest to the apartment she had left.

She stirred the smoldering embers, and threw on fresh wood, which caught the flames that soon leaped cheerily up the broad chimney. Leaving the stranger cowering over the blaze, she went and called the gardener to take charge of the horse that was neighing impatiently at the outer gate.

When she came back she busied herself, silently, in preparing refreshment for the stranger, who still sat beside the hearth casting curious glances at her as she moved about. Thrill after thrill shot through Elsie's frame, as she met those bright, strange glances. She had begun to feel almost frightened at his singular manner, when he suddenly addressed her.

"Madam," he said, pointing to the row of little shoes, and the overflowing basket of toys, "I see that lonely as is this house, it is not desolate. Human flowers, that brighten so many homes, bloom here. You have little children, beautiful and loving, and doubtless a good husband. Pardon me, madam," he added, observing Elsie's emotion, "we who are lonely wanderers up and down the world, are wont to notice, with somewhat of jealousy, the tokens of domestic happiness that is denied to us."

He was silent, as if waiting for an answer, and Elsie, conquering her emotion, answered quietly—

"There are children here, but not mine. I have neither husband nor children," and a faint sigh struggled up from her heart, as the thought of what might have been.

Just then the gardener came stamping in at the kitchen door, and showed himself shaking the water from his garments. Elsie turned to the stranger.

"Your meal is prepared," she said; "when you have partaken, the servant will show you to your room."

And bidding her guest good-night, she went away to her room, and lay down upon her bed, but not to sleep. Through the long hours, until the late autumn dawn, she tossed restlessly upon her couch, thinking much of her strange guest, and marveling why his image mingled so continually with her visions of the past.

The next morning, when the breakfast hour was passed, the stranger spoke of his departure.

"Before I go, madam," he said, "I ought to inform you who I am, that you may, at least, know you have not bestowed your kindness on one unworthy.

"For twenty years I have been a wanderer in other lands, a sad, lonely, disappointed man. Yet I have ever kept one hope bright and vigorous, the hope of return to my native shores, and the scenes of early happiness.

"I was born and lived till manhood in the midst of a region much like this, in which your home is situated. I was an orphan, but I had a small competence, and many friends. My guardian had a daughter whom I loved, and who acknowledged that my love was returned. We were betrothed, by the consent of her parents, and our wedding day was very near, when strange misfortunes overwhelmed my Alice. First, her father died a sudden and terrible death, then her mother drooped beneath the blow, and shortly followed, leaving to Alice the care of the younger children, and exacting from her a promise that she would never leave them until they were all provided for. I would willingly have shared the heavy burdens that now fell upon Alice, but she refused to bind me to her life of toil and self-sacrifice. She laid her love, and all her bright hopes, upon the altar of duty, and I, appalled by the sacrifice, and mad with disappointment, fled from my country, and became a wanderer in other lands.

"Elsie, I promised to return when your task was ended! I am here! Have you no word of welcome, after all these years of separation?"

He had no need to ask, for Elsie lay sobbing in the arms opened to receive her, while the little ones looked on wonderingly; and the old gardener, to whom the secret had been imparted the night previous, stood with clasped hands uttering ejaculations of thankfulness.

"Elsie, shall we ever part again?"

"Never," said Elsie, with her quiet simplicity; "never again until death;" and she looked up into his face with the old confiding glance that had greeted him a score of years before.

Very quietly the middle-aged pair settled down at the old homestead, which was beautified and adorned by the wealth John Francis brought from foreign lands, and dearer far to them than any palace home, with the store of memories that people its dim chambers, and all the green demesne which had witnessed their early joys, and their re-union after weary years of separation.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ *All the back numbers of the* Ledger, *from June 7th, 1856, up to the present date, can be had at our office, in quantities or by the single copy*

A Young Woman in Trouble has been annoyed by the attentions of a pertinacious suitor for the last five years. She not only dislikes him, but is wholly disgusted with him, and "in his presence a minute seems an hour." But the suitor is rich, and her parents (who are also wealthy) approve of and wish their daughter to marry him, and if she does not do so, she thinks her father will disinherit and turn her from his house. Not being able to decide for herself, she says, "Please advise me in this fearful emergency." It is a difficult thing to advise a stranger wisely under such circumstances. It is our firm belief that a woman should not, for any consideration, marry a man whom she can only regard with disgust. Therefore, we think you would be justified in holding out against such a revolting union at any and all hazards; but you should be careful to have the *manner* of your holding out as gentle and inoffensive as possible. It is quite possible, if you should frankly and earnestly and lovingly state the case to your parents, that they would cease urging you to marry a man with whom you would be doomed to a life of unhappiness; it does not seem possible that a father, and still less a mother, would compel a daughter to the performance of a repugnant marriage, which it is evident could not fail to entail lasting misery upon her. We would advise you, therefore, to state the case fully and frankly to your parents, and appeal to them not to force you to such a miserable doom.

Mary Howard.—You ask us, do we believe in the secret infidelity of men of genius? We do not. There is a certain class of minds which nourish that plague to every kind of society—atheism—but they are only of the third-rate order, as regards intellectual development. They are generally imperfectly educated persons, with faculties out of which neither education nor circumstances could extract greatness. The man of undoubted genius cannot be an athiest. His soul is too large for suspicion, his capacity too ample for the low opinion, that the present life begins and ends the mission of mankind. It is the little, half-trained minds that doubt. They are neither the ignorant nor the intellectual—but the half-breeds, the pieds, who, like mules, are vicious and mischievous. Minds of majesty and power look beyond the narrow limits of this existence, into worlds upon worlds of beauty and excellence. To them is given visions of immortality, of graduated perfection ending in something inconceivably grand, as well as lovely. Skeptics are not gifted with this Divine power of perception. They grovel in their present nature, and really would seem to be unworthy of any other.

W. C. S. has a sweetheart, who, in her letters and manner, is cold and constrained. His friend, on the contrary, corresponds with a girl who is warm and frank. He requests to know which we think the most likely to be true and tender in affection? We should say both would; but, after marriage, the cold sweetheart would probably be the most loving wife. Matrimony thaws the frostiest of hearts. Your frank, "true lover" like girls, not having much ice to thaw, are not so impressible in this respect. A good deal of the sentiment evaporates during courtship. The cold, haughty girl, on the contrary, when metamorphosed into a wife, steps into quite a new existence—her dormant susceptibilities are roused into action, and she becomes the most passionately attached spouse that the most anxious husband could desire. The mode in which the feelings find expression rests with the temperament; and, as a woman's education is not completed until she has been married and had a child, her behavior and manner during courtship is not to be taken as an infallible index to her future character and disposition.

Twenty-one Years of Age.—Every man must expect to be thwarted in love once in his life-time. This kind of disappointment seems designed by Providence for the development of his real character. So you are only undergoing a natural experience. But for your comfort, we must inform you that first love is not always real love—it is more frequently only a sentiment, a passion, depending more on the imagination than anything else for sustenance. It is a storm sent to clear the sultry atmosphere of character of mists and delusions. By-and-by you will see and reason with more distinctness.

Crawford wishes us to "say something against those who borrow the Ledger," which we shall not do. It is no more improper to borrow the Ledger than to borrow anything else. As a general rule, the habit of borrowing is bad, and argues great lack of providence and delicacy on the part of the borrower, and the less the borrowed articles cost, the meaner the habit of borrowing. Those who subscribe for the Ledger, or buy it at the news offices, should *stop lending it*, and then nobody could borrow it. That is the only way to remedy the evil.

Emma.—It would not be improper for a lover, on carrying fruits, candies, &c., to his sweetheart, and finding her mother in the same room with her, to offer the mother some of the delicacies first. On the contrary, it would be improper for him to omit paying the mother such a mark of respect. Deference and respect should always be exhibited to our elders, and especially where one's fate is about to be linked with another's so nearly as in the case you suggest, any lack of courtesy on the part of the younger party would be quite reprehensible.

John Owen.—Another unfortunate instance of the results of clandestine courtships. The felicity of the lovers is about to be interrupted by the father bestowing the lady upon another. If the father will not change his purpose there is no help for it; but we must say, that disposing of girls just as if they were hardware, crockery, or bales of goods, is not very fatherly. Our correspondent must ingratiate himself with the mother—which he ought to have done in the first place; but let him try what virtue there is in "better late than never."

Phoenix wants to know "if it would be proper for a young man of *sixteen* years old to declare his love for a young lady of the same age?" There would be no harm in such a boy's "declaring his love" for a young girl of sixteen, but it would be ridiculously silly. A boy of that age should be attending to his lessons, and spending his leisure-time in playing ball and in other sportive and invigorating games of youth.

A Little Girl writes us a very pretty little letter from Louisville, Ky., in which she requests to be informed of the age, size and appearance of the editor of the Ledger, "if it is not asking too much." We think our little friend does ask a little too much. She must wait till she comes to New York, and then "call and see for herself."

Pickles is in a pickle. Cut by the girl he really loves, and courted by the one he does not, he is at a loss how to act. The wisest thing he can do is to keep away from both. There is honor as well as discretion in avoiding a distasteful engagement.

Edith.—A woman can always command respectful treatment from men without "saying anything about it." Her manner can be made to "speak louder than words," and if any one attempts to be unpleasantly familiar, she can easily set him right with a look, or by an exhibition of icy reserve.

Tua.—Sit in your sweetheart's lap as much as you please, and snap your fingers at the prudes; but be careful not to *make a display* of your affection and fondness. When in company, the exhibition of lovers' extacies should be repressed.

Toodles Jr.—The contents of your letter convince us that you are not wholly wrong in what you say, inasmuch as they render it certain that we have at least *one* "fool" among our correspondents

War Horse sends us a long argument in favor of the carrying of concealed weapons. When a man has to pass along dangerous roads in the country or streets in the city at lonely hours, or in any other way is necessarily exposed to danger, it would undoubtedly be right for him to carry defensive weapons. But in his daily intercourse with his fellows, in the thronged city or peaceful village, and on all ordinary occasions, it is wrong for him to carry concealed deadly weapons. And it is our opinion that a man who habitually carries such weapons is not a brave or a good man.

A Friend.—If you are too bashful to ask a woman to become your wife, we don't know how you are to get married. But, man alive, what are you afraid of? There is not an unmarried woman in the world who would be offended by your asking her to be your wife. It is the highest compliment a man can pay a woman, and they all regard it as such. So, pluck up courage and go ahead.

A. W. L. wants to know, if he digs a hole in the ground, why the earth taken therefrom will not fill the hole in being replaced? Simply because the particles of earth are packed closer together on being replaced than they were before their removal.

W. H.—In walking in the streets of the metropolis, always keep to the right hand. Custom has firmly established the rule, which should be strictly obeyed by both sexes, and never broken, even when a lady is in the case.

Clarinetta.—A girl who does not know which of two men she loves the best, does not love either of them well enough to marry him. As for "property qualifications," we prefer to say nothing.

An Indignant Correspondent, fifteen years old, writes us a peppery and defiant letter, because we playfully cautioned him, some time since, against rushing in his youthful and unprotected state into the jaws of matrimony, as he at that time said he was about to do. Our fifteen-year old gallant does not seem to have relished our allusions to his age, and he now assures us that, although he is but fifteen, he is quite competent to manage his own affairs, including a family, if he chooses to have one, without any advice from us. All we have to say to this part of his letter is, Why, then, did he ask our advice? He also says that "the adored of his heart," who is also fifteen years old, is perfectly willing to "leave her paternal roof and lean on him for support through the thorny path of life;" and that he "has as thick a moustache as most men have at the age of twenty-one!" We do not see what connection this miraculous moustache has with the "adored of his heart's leaning on him," &c., unless the idea be that it is the moustache itself which is to "support her through the thorny," &c. On the whole, we think our indignant and boyish correspondent has proved himself, by the letter now under consideration, to be destitute of some of the most vital qualifications necessary to render a person competent to perform the part of one on whom a lovely girl is to lean for support through the thorny path of life, notwithstanding the luxuriousness and glossiness of his wonderful moustache.

Robert Morris.—Dislike at first sight is quite as possible as love at first sight. Some temperaments repel—others attract. A nervous, bilious person will not be much disposed to like a red-haired, sanguine person—and the reverse. Their instincts will not fraternize. But in this moral matter the moral qualities are brought to bear. Vice taints the whole constitution—it affects the manner, the voice, the tone—indeed, it peeps out in a thousand different ways. An honorable man brought into contact with this diseased moral organization, feels that it is so; his inner man consequently draws back from that of the other, and doubt and mistrust take possession of him. It is the same with frank natures having minds similarly disposed. They meet, and there is at once a mutual attraction. Their natures harmonise; but where there is no harmony, there must be repulsion.

James, aged thirty-seven, with a good business, knows two ladies—one twenty-five years of age, the other thirty-five; either, he thinks, would make a good wife. In fortune, expectations, and attractions they are equal. Which should he prefer? Why, the one that will have him. But if he has yet to choose let him take the best tempered. To a man in business, a sweet-tempered wife is worth more to him than all his best customers together. But if the ladies are quite on a par in this respect—just as like each other as two peas—we should say the youngest; for, after a woman has turned forty, she is not quite so active in business as she was between the age of twenty-five and forty. Still it must be said that some women at thirty-five are younger looking and sounder in constitution than many at twenty. In choosing a wife, health should be considered.

Unfaithful.—A woman who has engaged herself to marry a man, and subsequently discovers that she does not love him, and believes that she would be miserable should she wed him, is certainly in a most unpleasant position. Her best course would be to tell her lover the true state of the case, however, as any attempt to shuffle out of the dilemma would be accompanied or followed by unfortunate consequences. Gentle, outspoken honesty and frankness are the only things that will answer in such a case.

M. Fish-hook.—A respectful invitation, either verbal or written, to a young lady to accompany you to any proper place, or on any proper excursion, is always permissible, except in cases where you know or have reason to believe that, from personal considerations, such a proffered courtesy would be offensive or unpleasant to the object of it. Common sense and good intentions will enable you to manage such a matter satisfactorily. A well-meant act of courtesy or kindness is not likely to give offence.

Leslie.—We publish your problem, as you so particularly wish it. Two gentlemen enter a room, and one of them, looking at a portrait says:

Sisters and brothers I have none,
But that man's father is my father's son.

What is the relationship? or, in other words, whose portrait was it?

Drooping Lily.—Lovers at college are rarely loyal to their boyish feelings or engagements. In a new world they acquire new thoughts and habits. Dissipation is one of the latter. You would do well to familiarize yourself with the idea that his affection has evaporated. It could only have been a boyish sentiment, and that, we all know, soon yields to circumstances and a more extended experience. Depend upon it, it will not be worth your while to think of him.

Chas. Jackson.—Your wife has been enticed from her home by her mother, and you, in consequence, have been plunged into several pecuniary difficulties and great mental distress. The mother's conduct is unpardonable, and the wife, having received no provocation, must see that she has been led from the path of duty. A few weeks' reflection will, perhaps, open her eyes to her absurd and equivocal position, and then she will be glad to return home.

Genevra loves a middled-aged gentleman, and is almost certain she is warmly loved in return; but he appears to hesitate to avow his passion—she thinks from a dread of being refused. What shall she do? Wait. This apparently timid man is evidently a shrewd man of the world. He is studying her character and disposition—buying her with as much coolness as a butcher would buy a sheep.

Y. Z.—Most of the advertised hair-dyes are nothing better or worse than solutions of silver in acqua fortis, largely diluted. If the hair is first moistened with a solution of silver in nitric acid, and then with a weak solution of the sulphuret of ammonia, the dye is instantaneouly produced, but the skin is also stained.

Ida.—We have repeatedly said that we do not and will not give the addresses of our contributors through the columns of the Ledger or otherwise. A note addressed to any of them, in our care, will be sent to the person addressed, however, with as little delay as possible.

Thomas.—It is difficult to get any situation in New York at present. In prosperous times, bookkeepers get from $800 to $3000 a year in this city.

Judith.—Charcoal-eating is most certainly injurious to the eater. You must have a diseased appetite, and should consult your physician in regard to it.

Inquirer.—Fanny Fern has written several books, the names and prices of which you can learn at any bookstore.

Curiosity.—There was no Vice-President of the United States during the administrations of Fillmore and Pierce.

Wallace.—Never marry a woman you doubt, or one that indulges in coarse language

Joseph W.—The best way to obtain a great variety of expression in writing and speaking is the following:—Take a volume of some standard author, say Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," or if more convenient, take a copy of the Ledger, and copy fifty lines every day, slowly and neatly. Then mark the substantives, verbs and adjectives with a line underneath, or with the letters *s. v. a.* over each of those words. Next take the substantives, and write them down the form of a column, with all the equivalents to each you can think of, looking into Webster to assist you, when you are at a loss for a meaning. Then take all the verbs in the same way, and lastly, all the adjectives. Any man who will pursue this for six months will become a copious, fluent speaker for the rest of his life. This exercise alone, if followed by a people for a few years, would do the work of centuries to enlighten them, because it would enable them to analyze their thoughts, to practice thinking, and therefore to *think for themselves*, instead of leaving to others the right and privilege of thinking for them. Sometimes you will not find more than one equivalent or meaning for a word; at others you will find four, six, eight equivalents. But the exercise of making the mind furnish you with several equivalents, instead of thoughtlessly passing over each word, communicates such an agility of expression to the tongue, as never can fail to delight the student and electrify his friends.

Harriet complains of what most ladies of the present generation have to complain—of gentlemen showing their kindness and attention, but never speaking of love and marriage. Harriet's beau takes her to balls, threatres, and concerts; but never a word of love. What can gentlemen do? They are as much puzzled as the ladies. It is a serious engagement, marriage; and if they were to show the ladies no attention at all—take them nowhere, then the ladies might complain of their selfishness and unsociality. Indeed, many gentlemen are prevented from showing attention to ladies, or taking them anywhere, because of this tendency to misunderstand their actions; and the ladies themselves are the first to remind them of their imprudence. "Take care that Miss So-and-so does not misunderstand your meaning." What say the ladies to this question—"Must a gentleman never show attention to the ladies—never take them to places of amusement, nor walk with them, nor escort them, unless he has resolved upon marriage?" This is Orientalism at once. The next movement would be to shut up all the ladies in seraglios, and give them wooden vails, with eye-holes, to walk abroad in. However, long attention to one lady implies something serious. A quarrel is the thing to bring out his meaning. Nothing like a quarrel for making a new move.

Parisina asks, "How can we make ourselves agreeable?" She often sits silent for fear of being thought pert and conceited, though naturally of a talkative disposition. This, perhaps, may lead to another suspicion equally injurious. There is too much art in young people in a dependent sphere. As we become more independent we become more natural; hence the peculiar grace and pure nature of many young ladies of rank, whose social position places them above the temptation to artifice. Any stiff or merely apparent adhesion to formal rules is displeasing. We like always to see the real nature, refined, however, and beautified. Talkativeness, when witty and discursive, is generally agreeable; but mere narration of this, that and t'other thing, devoid of imagination, fancy, or play of humor, is a bore. Parisina may easily tell, by the look and manner of her auditors, whether they are pleased or not. When she pleases, she may talk on; when she does not please, she ought to be still. If she has a pair of good eyes, she will know how to act. Don't look at other people's eyes only, but look how they sit, and how their lips move and their noses curl, and their brow tightens or relaxes, and you will see their very souls.

A Lover says he is very much attached to a young lady whose parents unrelentingly "oppose the match," and that the "old gentleman" now always stays in the room when our correspondent visits his lady-love, and sharpens the conversation by frequently making insulting remarks; and if we would only tell the perplexed lover what course he had better pursue, he would be very much obliged, &c. You should try to conciliate the "old folks." Ascertain *why* they object to you as a suitor for their daughter's hand, and then strive to remove the unfavorable impression or conviction. If you find it impossible to conciliate them, and you and the young lady continue to love each other, and you are of age, and able to support a wife, and she is of age, and thereby no longer subject to the control of her parents, you had better go ahead according to the dictates of your own judgment, taking care, however, to act gently, and to treat her parents with unfailing kindness and respect.

Evelina.—Poets are born, not made. Study will not make a poet—it makes a scholar. Poets are seldom learned men. They are dreamers, *musers*. It appears from Evelina, and many other of our correspondents, that young ladies are very much in the habit of writing letters of friendship to gentlemen. Evelina wants to know if she may insist upon having hers returned. Letters of friendship should never be kept. We destroy all we receive. It is a betrayal of confidence to put such letters in your desk, which may fall to other hands in a few weeks, months, or years. Since the time when a packet of our own private letters fell into strange hands, we resolved upon destruction, and have never had occasion to regret it. Every letter but the first of friendship should begin thus—"I have burnt your last." And first and last should close thus—"Burn this."

J. J. J.—It is against the law of this State for a man within its boundaries to send, accept, or carry a challenge to fight a duel. The law is also very severe on any person who acts as a second in a duel in this State, or who leaves the State *for the purpose* of fighting a duel, or acting as a second in one, or in any manner participating in it. If you have any intention of trying to evade the laws of this State against dueling, you had better give up the idea, unless you are willing to take an immense deal of trouble for a very foolish purpose.

Old Subscriber says that by his father's will he was allowed 200 pounds ($1,000) a year "in the old country," that he has been twelve years in this country, during which time he has not received a cent, although the estate is amply sufficient to have paid him the above-named annuity. You should at once set about getting the twelve thousand dollars due, with interest. If you have stated the case truly, and have omitted no important fact, you can easily obtain your money.

S. E. Borland.—The Ledger from three months prior to the completion of the story of "Lady Claudine" up to the 9th of January, 1858, will cost eighty-eight cents. You had better continue to pursue the same studies after your school closes that you have been pursuing heretofore. By a little extra study and work you can get along pretty well without a teacher.

Misery.—It was very foolish in you to consent to a secret marriage, and it is very unkind in your husband to persist in refusing to avow your conjugal relations, when the clandestinity gives you so much unhappiness. Can you not manage to have the fact become known, without waiting for your husband's tardy movements in the matter?

A. A. E.—We have never heard that a large reward or a small one has been offered by any person, society or government, to a man who should stay on the summit of the White Mountains all winter, and note the daily temperature thereof.

Earl Conybeare.—Plain and simple diet, regular habits, and plenty of exercise, will restore your blood to a pure and healthy state quicker than anything else, unless you are the victim of some disease which would require special medical treatment.

Permilla P.—Judging from your long-spun letter, we should say that the listening to your loquaciousness would be sufficient to keep your husband from growing uncomfortably corpulent. As to the "little daughter," suppose you serve her as she is in the habit of serving the cat!

William K. L.—We believe the Captain of a British steamer has full control of every officer and man on board, including the chief engineer; some think the same discipline is the rule upon the Collins Line of ocean steamers.

Vivien.—The old gentleman has a right to control the actions of his daughter while she is a minor; you had better keep quiet until she reaches her majority, and then, if you and she think it best, you can rightfully get married.

Pearl-Diver.—We know but little about the pearls found in the streams of New Jersey. We believe that a few of value have been found, and that most of them sell at about a dollar a peck.

Pamela M.—Girls of eighteen should never encourage the attentions of youths of nineteen. The latter are as skittish as colts, and as consequential as jackdaws. They don't know their own minds five minutes together. Wait.

George Washington.—We do not give information concerning our contributors. The name which you mention is a *nom de plume*.

Isidore.—You can probably learn the components of "bay water," and the method of making it, of some chemist or apothecary.

Un Matelot.—We know of no such expedition as you mention. Apply at any shipping office.

Samuel Hendry.—You should address the lady mentioned upon the subject, and not us.

Aldula.—We do not know anything about the book you inquire for.

Chicagonian.—Miss Charlotte Cushman was born in the United States.

Frank.—Of course a girl is at liberty to decline the acceptance of a philopoena present after having won it.

E. G.—We do not publish replies to the articles of our contributors.

, *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*